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WANDERINGS

OF

CHILDE HAROLDE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

INTERSPERSED WITH

MEMOIRS OF THE ENGLISH WIFE, THE FOREIGN MISTRESS,

AND VARIOUS OTHER

CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY JOHN HARMAN BEDFORD, LIEUT. R.N.

Author of Views on the Shores of the Black Sea, &c.

The cold in clime are cold in blood;
Their love, it scarce deserves the name;
But mine is like the lava flood,
That boils in Etna's breast of flame. LORD BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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WANDERINGS

OF

CHILDE HAROLDE.

CHAP. I.

'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock. CAMPBELL.

A night of anxiety.—*Harolde's* reflections.—*Freeman's* temper.—Ascent to the ruined castle on the summit of the rock—searched in vain.—*Berenice's* bonnet and veil picked up floating in the sea.—Long absence of *Harolde* and *Freeman*—they are found, with their hands and garments dyed in blood.—Horror of the crew.—Dreadful state of *Harolde*—he is carried on board.—They sail—discover a strange vessel in apparent distress.—Caution despised—make sail in chase—preparation for battle—board the vessel—find *Bernardo* and the bailiff dead on board.—*Lamska* desperately wounded.—No appearance of *Berenice*—*Lamska* asserts that she lives.—Arrive at the isle of Pantalaria.—Residence in the Happy Valley.—Altered appearance of *Harolde*.—How the two friends appeared in a

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ALL night, and a very tempestuous one it was, did the two friends stand sentinels. The soul of Harolde doated upon Berenice; and he had seen sufficient to convince him that he was not indifferent to her. No man was ever less formed for being alone in the world than Harolde; he not only loved the female sex, but every thing that breathed. He frequently said he could be happier in a desert with a dog that was attached to him, than in the midst of society where no one valued

valued his love or friendship. When without an object on which to place his affections, and to form his dreams by night, and visions of the day, his understanding appeared to have lost a link of the intellectual chain; his imagination rested dormant, and he wandered in the ways of men, alike unknowing and unknown. A single draught at Love's fountain, like the music of St. Cecilia, "lifted his soul to heaven;" his genius soared—his talents expanded—his imagination flashed like an irregular meteor; his temper became social; he cast round the world an inquiring eye, and felt for all that lives.

Freeman was of a social temper, not to be shaken like a reed; it required the blast that bends the forest oak to move him: he had no good opinion of his fel-

low-men, nor his sister-women: he could not fancy any of the former to be saints or heroes, or the latter fallen angels and heathen goddesses. Every soul that breathed, he said, was actuated by self-interest. The *pure* passion of love was, in his opinion, most interested; and the gratification of *gross* passion, a consideration in every man's breast, before that of making the selected object happy. Yet Freeman could love, and that too where he ought not; so that, in defiance of his philosophy, he was led away by the strength of his passions, even as much in the extreme as the friend to whom he acted as an alarm-bell, to strike on the heart whenever it was disposed to go astray. He did not rave, despair, execrate, and vow vengeance, in the instance I am relating; but he felt the deepest concern for Berenice,

and

and was ready to grasp even a dagger to avenge her wrongs; as his love had no weakness about it, so his revenge was not tempered by mercy.

Harolde acted, where he conceived himself injured, on the impulse of the moment; and when he had satiated his revenge, he became placid, and repented of the deed. Freeman went deliberately to work, and when he had punished his enemy, brooded over it with inward satisfaction; and in the consequences flowing from revenge, he imagined he was only pursuing the stream of justice.

The disappearance of this party so mysteriously had that within it Freeman could not fathom; and long before day broke through the clouds, he urged Harolde to ascend the rocky pinnacle, fully believing

they would all be found in the ruined tower.

The watch round the island was placed under the care of Scarpio; and the fishermen, as they returned into port, were examined separately and strictly. Threats have no effect upon people so very poor, that they cannot be injured, not even by a deprivation of existence; and rewards were offered to them in vain; they all agreed in one tale—they had not seen the parties, and they did not know any way by which they could sail from the rock without going through the harbour.

The ascent to this tower was painful: the steps were all broken, or wholly destroyed; and by fastening the points of their tomahawks in the niches of the rocks, they often had to pull themselves up for several feet. The heat was intense,

for

for they had no shelter; and the liquids they carried to quench their thirst were of boiling heat. The nimblest and most daring of the sailors clambered up, and let down ropes to assist their companions up also; and this was the only way that a female could have been passed over the pointed and flinty stones; and Bernardo, with the bailiff, were as active as any of the seamen employed. Wounded and bleeding, at last the task was accomplished, and Harolde was the first to enter the pile of ruins: it was a Temple of the Winds; there had been six pillars to support the dome; three only were standing, and a fragment of the dome seemed ready to fall upon their heads: the capitals in which the pillars rested were hollowed out, to afford shelter in storms to the Moorish watchmen: each pillar would

scarce contain two men in a sitting posture. Ancient Carthage was visible at a distance, and the lofty promontory of Cape Bon, where Scipio destroyed the Carthagenian fleet. The island of Pantalaria, that laid in their road to Malta, was not more than thirty miles off, and these were the only spots of *terra firma* visible. The summit of the rock barely sufficed to contain the foundation of the temple, which was twelve feet in diameter: every stone was carefully turned over, and the foundations of the temple broken up: not any thing like a subterraneous passage could be found; and, lost in conjecture, "labour rested on her spade."

At a considerable distance Freeman observed a small speck on the ocean, which he pointed out to his friend; and they all persuaded themselves that it must be one

of

of the fishing-boats in which the escape had been made; but for what purpose the bailiff should abandon his situation, they had no clue to lead them in finding out. The chests with the money were not found in his house, which led our friends to believe that the flight had been an easier matter than their ascent to the Temple of the Winds, otherwise they would not have carried with them three cumbersome and heavy packages.

The descent was full as dangerous as the ascent, and it was a mercy no necks were broken; for Harolde actually pushed the most tardy along, eager to set sail and pursue the small speck on the ocean, which probably contained the life of his life, and treasure of his soul. Arrived at the foot of the rock, one more search was determined upon, and all the fishermen

volunteered their assistance: the only person they had a wish to find, was the bailiff, who tithed their little harvests of fish more greedily than a metropolitan parson does his parishioners' pigs and poultry.

Harolde and Freeman shaped their course to that part where the cliffs were nearly perpendicular, and scarce foothold betwixt their base and the waves to totter along. After some hours spent in useless *reconnoisances*, all the scouts returned to the bay, and Scarpio proceeded to get the yacht under sail, and outside of the harbour, ready to push off at a moment's notice.

Time glided on, and neither Harolde nor Freeman appeared; the guns of the yacht were fired as a signal, and also, if there should be enemies on the rock, to let them know every thing was prepared for their reception.

reception. The boat now was sent round by seaward, to see if they had reached a point, from which the tide flowing had prevented them returning. She had not been five minutes gone before the rowers again returned, with horror in their countenances, bringing to Scarpio the bonnet and veil worn by Berenice when she first disembarked, and which they had picked up, floating to sea by the current.

Every eye was fixed upon these dreadful relics: no one ventured to break the awful silence, but looked at his fellow, as if desirous he should first whisper his thoughts. Scarpio at last summoned recollection and resolution to his aid: he again dispatched the boat to row round the shore, and himself with some others, well armed, made the best of their way in the direction the two friends had pursued

when last seen. They sought every little cave with fearful anxiety; it was closing day, and the silence, which was only broke by the low murmurs of the wave breaking on the rugged strand, or the echoes that repeated their voices when calling on their masters' names, marked the gloomy scene, as

"Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

When nearly despairing of ever seeing them again, and the sailors began to think the place haunted by evil spirits, Scarpio gave a shout of joy, to see Harolde leaning on Freeman, moving slowly onwards, scarce able to move his limbs: a simultaneous movement brought the whole body at the feet of their beloved lord, who sunk to the ground in a fainting fit. By sprinkling water over his face, he gradually

dually recovered: looking round, as if unconscious where he was, or who stood before him, he passed his hand as a shade over his eyes, to give distinctness to his vision; and when he removed it, a murmur of horror issued from all around, like the still breeze of night breaking from a newly-opened sepulchre, or the fabled groan of a departed guilty spirit. A line of blood appeared upon Harolde's temples, more dreadful to the agitated bystanders than the death-flash of lightning that darts along a white and quivering sky. Harolde saw their consternation, and spreading his hands over his face, the blood trickled through his fingers; and Freeman's hands and clothes were likewise drunk with gore. Harolde seemed again as inclined to faint, when by Freeman's motions, for no man spoke, the crew formed

ed a litter with crossed and clasped hands, on which they raised him up; and as quick as fear, sorrow, and trepidation of body admitted, bore him away to the vessel. He was put to bed, and Scarpio, by Freeman's directions, made sail for the island of Pantalaria. The gale blew strong and steady, whistling in melancholy cadences through the shrouds; and

> "Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
> In rayless majesty on earth descends,
> And stretches forth her leaden sceptre
> O'er a slumbering world."

No man moved upon the deck, as fearful of disturbing, by the sound of their footsteps, the repose of their lord; no one made inquiry as to the cause of those appearances, which had struck them all with horror and dismay. Scarpio, who stood at the helm, kept

kept his eyes fixed on the mariner's compass, nor dared to raise them towards Freeman, who, with folded arms, seemed lost in thought, and desolated with grief.

Harolde was bled several times in the course of the night by Freeman; but he was insensible to what was passing, and when told at daylight that the island of Pantalaria was in sight, for the first time he opened his lips, to express his satisfaction at the intelligence, and requested the rowers might be put to, in order to aid the sails, and hasten their progress.

Every eye was strained to catch a sight of the small boat they had noticed from the heights of Lampedosa, and a handsome reward was promised to him who first made the discovery. Scarpio from the helm caught a glimpse of a very small vessel that lay becalmed at a very great distance,

tance, which Freeman having reconnoitred through a telescope, he fancied had not any person on board, as the sails were flapping about in various ways, and some of them lowered down and torn.

Harolde, upon receiving this information, was assisted upon deck, and placed with pillows in an arm-chair. The change a few disastrous hours had made in him was striking; his cheeks were sunk, his hair thrown back, shewed his temple pale and wan, and his fine expressive eye had lost all its lustre.

"Yes, on that cold and pallid brow,
Once beam'd the energies of mind;
And that sunk eye, so faded now,
Late beam'd with tenderness refin'd."

He resolved to alter the vessel's course from the island of Pantalaria, to which her prow was directed, and endeavour to come up

up with this strange sail. Scarpio submissively pointed out the danger; it was a common trick with the Barbary corsairs and island pirates, to dismantle their ships in the rigging and sails, and abandon the helm, letting them drive about as the wind and current pleased: this they did to induce strangers to believe they were trading vessels in distress, and so, following the dictates of humanity, bear down to assist them, when the crew suddenly rising from the hold, boarded the deluded ship and made her a prize, too frequently putting all on board to death.

Harolde heard all this reasoning without deigning to give a reply, but merely waved his hand to the helmsman to have his orders obeyed, which was promptly done. He did not forget to encourage the crew by a distribution of fruits and wine,

and

and in proportion as they appeared to advance upon the strange vessel, his spirits and strength seemed to revive. More mysteries were to all appearance gathering over, and the recollection of those yet unexplained, cast such a heavy gloom over the seamen's souls, that even the reanimated form of Harolde, and copious libations of wine, had not the effect of raising their courage.

The small-arms were distributed amongst the most expert, and the sabres to the stoutest of the crew; the two small pieces of cannon were loaded, and every necessary preparation made, in case of the strange sail proving to be an enemy. It was near night-fall when the yacht ranged along-side, and no appearance of any person on board, induced Harolde to order his crew to proceed cautiously, and search carefully; but

no

no sooner had they set foot on deck, than sounds of wailing attracted their attention as issuing from the hold; and removing the hatches, a dreadful sight appeared. The bailiff of Lampedosa lay stretched in the arms of death; beside him Bernardo was pierced with numerous wounds, and uttering a heavy groan, expired as they raised his head to examine his countenance; Lamska, the treacherous black, writhing with anguish, had both his legs broken; and in other parts of the hold were the bodies of three others, apparently fishermen from the island.

The first thing done was to stanch the wounds of Lamska, and bind them up, as he alone remained to tell the cause of this strange catastrophe. He was sullen, and refused to speak, or even look upon those he knew too well. It was deemed proper also

also to tie the only hand he could use, in case he might attempt to unloose the bandages, or by other means deprive himself of existence. In the cabin was found several empty boxes, two of which Freeman recognised as belonging to Berenice.

The intelligence was conveyed to Harolde, who, unable to walk, remained on board the yacht, in dreadful suspense and anxious expectation. He regretted the death of Bernardo, as it prevented him from expiating his guilt by a public and ignominious death, and resolved, whatever trouble, time, or expence it cost him, to have Lamska, if he survived, sent to Lucca, to be tried as a murderer.

The prize-boat was sunk with the dead bodies in her, and Lamska removed into the yacht, in a manner so as not to be observed

served by Harolde, who shuddered at the monster's name.

They were two days in gaining the island of Pantalaria; and the only thing that could be elicited from the wounded black, during that time, was, " that Berenice lived," a thing which Harolde and Freeman believed to be impossible; nevertheless he repeated the assertion frequently, but refused to give any farther explanation, unless his life was promised to be spared, a thing which Harolde would not then listen to.

Arrived at the island, upon which there is not any harbour, they had the yacht hauled up on dry land, and a neat cottage in a valley, sprinkled with fruit trees, flowering shrubs, and vineyards, was taken for Harolde: this valley was watered by a pure stream, on the banks of which stood several

several romantic-looking farm-houses, a
a small wooden bridge over it led to a lo
but elegant church, near which the bish
of the island had a spacious mansion. Th
birds sang upon every tree, the lam
sported familiarly in the pathways—
was a perfect Eden—every breeze fro
the mountains wafted health, and ever
field breathed perfume.

Here it was resolved to sojourn till th
health of Harolde was perfectly restored
which Freeman conjectured would be a
work requiring time, from his amazing
keen sensibility; his frame was shattered,
as though the body had suffered by the
rack as well as the mind, and he exhibited
but the shadow of what he had been a few
days before. No one could have imagined
him the character that once was possessed
of vigour, firmness, and resolution; daring

and

and active, jealous of its fame, eager in its attachments, inflexible in its purposes, and violent in its resentments. He was totally changed—appeared meek, yielding, and complying—not prompt to act, but willing to suffer.

"Man but a rush against Othello, and he retires,"

might now be applied to him; he thought of Berenice continually, and believed there was no other woman in the world with whom he could be happy.

Lamska continued very doubtful as to recovery, and was placed in a cottage, where a continual guard was kept over him, both night and day; medical attendance was given to him, and the bishop, by Harolde's desire, attempted, by religious aid, to call up repentance in his bosom, and obtain from him a confession of his

his crimes. His soul was dark as his skin; and except reiterating the assertion that Berenice was in existence, he was constantly mute.

It is necessary now to look back a little, and explain some of the causes which led to the present state of things, with respect to Harolde in Pantalaria. When Harolde and Freeman proceeded to search the rocky shore of Lampedosa, they discovered, with a horror which cannot well be imagined, and it is impossible to give effect to in description, the mangled body of the beautiful Berenice, under a cliff two hundred feet high, from whence it had evidently fallen by accident, or more probably been designedly thrown; the body was so mutilated, that but for the dress of Berenice, which they recognised, they would not have known the body to be

be hers. They had no doubt but Bernardo, afraid of Berenice committing herself, willingly or incautiously, with Harolde, would be the means of bringing him to justice, for murders already committed, and that to save himself, with Lamska, they had done this dreadful deed, and escaped from the island by some secret path, unknown even to the fishermen.

When the agonies of their grief had a little subsided, the two friends, with their sabres, dug a grave, into which they placed the body, intending to pursue the murderers, who had certainly left the island, and then return, to carry it into a country where a sepulchre was to be found more worthy of the ashes of beauty and virtue. In burying the body, Harolde and Freeman were stained with the blood

which had struck such terror into the master and crew.

The event proved that they were right in their conjectures of the murderers having left the island, and they could only attribute the constant assertion of Lamska as to Berenice living, to a wish to have his own life spared, by holding out a vague promise of a discovery not in his power to make. Moreover, as Lamska did not know that the body had been discovered, he might suppose his tale likelier to gain credit.

Harolde appeared to have totally forgotten his English bride in this last new and unfortunate attachment, and, in order to remove his thoughts from so painful a subject, his friend took the liberty to remind him of his *child.* Harolde was dreadfully agitated, and when he had taken

taken a few turns across the room, he desired Freeman never again to mention to him either his wife or child, on pain of forfeiting his friendship for ever. Freeman bowed assent, and never after broke through the prohibition.

Lamska's wounds took an unfavourable turn, and the worthy bishop announced to him the medical man's opinion, that he had not many hours to live. He received the intelligence with horror. It was well said by the poet, that—

"A deathbed's a detector of the heart:"

the hardy assassin, the cold-blooded villain, whose dagger searched the hearts of innocence for the reward of hireling gold, now became a penitent, a trembling coward, and piteously entreated the bishop to grant him that absolution for his sins the

ignorant vainly imagine will plead in their favour at a celestial tribunal.

This absolution the bishop promised, when he had made a free and full confession of his crimes against God and man; this he eagerly offered to do, as the only chance of saving his polluted soul from destruction. Harolde and Freeman were placed in a situation where they could hear, and not be seen, as the miserable wretch, for the first and last time in his ill-spent life, told truth to man. He commenced:—

"I was born in the island of Madagascar, and in my boyhood taken to the British East Indies, where I was brought up in the Catholic faith, under a good master. The devil very early began to exercise an influence over me, and during my master's absence from home on a journey, I robbed

I robbed and set fire to the house, making my escape into the dominions of Tippoo Saib; there, from a foolish display of my wealth, I was taken up under suspicion of being a spy, and was glad to bargain for my liberty and life, by giving up all my riches.

" In Hindostan I remained five years, in various capacities, and at last got employed as a camel-driver to a travelling jeweller, who visited annually the shores of the Persian Gulf, to make purchases from British ships, returning to Seringapatam in winter. I insinuated myself so completely into his good graces, that he intrusted me with all his secrets, and employed me on all occasions where confidence was required.

" He had an only daughter, fair as one of the houris in Mahomet's fabled paradise;

dise; and more liberal in his sentiments than Mahometans generally are, from his frequent intercourse with Europeans, he permitted her to range over his fields, go abroad, and be about the house like a mistress. She possessed no pride, and her familiarity with me had the effect of creating a violent love, or lust, for the possession of her person; but the distance between us, and my unfortunate complexion, precluded all hope of my ever gaining the object of my desires in a fair and honourable way. I resolved, the first opportunity, to accomplish, by fraud or force, possession of her person, and a time favourable to my wicked designs very speedily came.

"My master had sent forward all his camels on a journey, and followed after with his daughter, and myself as the sole attendant:

tendant: we rode three horses; the one on which I was, carrying the provisions and spirits: we dined by day always beneath the shade of some trees—a custom prevalent in Hindostan, and at night slept at one of those caravanseras with which the country abounds. One day the sun had been excessively hot, and we were all very much tired, when dinner being over, the young lady sunk into a profound sleep, and my master lay down also a few yards distant, leaving me to watch over a slumber I had predetermined he should no more awake from in this world. Approaching him cautiously, with one blow of my crease, I stabbed him to the heart, and he expired without a groan.

"I then removed the body about five hundred yards distant, amongst the bushes, and secured his purse, rings, and watch.

There was less money in the purse than I expected, he relying on the sale of his goods for a supply. I returned to my station; and the lady awaking, inquired for her parent; I replied that he had retired for a few minutes, and said he would return for some coffee, which I had artfully prepared.

"An hour passed, and the lady was dreadfully alarmed; I affected to be so likewise, and we both began to search, and call aloud on his name; I led purposely to where she stumbled on her father's body, screamed, fainted, and fell. When she revived, I advised a speedy flight, insinuating that the robbers and murderers must be near at hand. She innocently put faith in what I said, and submitted to my guidance. We mounted, and I pretended to make haste to the nearest town, in order

order to give information of the murder; I, however, pursued a track, which I well knew led to the desert; and when night closed upon us, we were in the dominions of the Grand Seignior.

"I easily persuaded her to alight, as we had lost our way, and rest till morning, covered with cloaks, under a banyan tree, whilst I stood guard over her person. In spite of her sighs and tears, which would have melted any heart but mine, I then meditated her total ruin; she took one cup of wine, into which I infused a sleepy potion, and in the deathlike sleep which came over her, I accomplished her ruin, and became a murderer and a ravisher. I have no time or breath farther to relate her horror at recovering her senses; suffice it, I bound her legs beneath the horse's belly, and muffling the upper part of her

person, as they do slaves in Turkey, when carrying them for sale, I proceeded towards Balsora, threatening her with instant death if she made a noise.

" Three days passed, during which my base desires were pallied; and as I had found so little money in the father's purse, I determined to fill it with the price of his daughter's freedom; accordingly I sold her in the bazaar, to a Jew merchant, for a thousand sequins: with this sum I joined a caravan, and reached Alexandria, in Egypt, after being robbed of all I possessed by the wandering Arabs.

" I there joined a ship, commanded by Bernardo Sapienza, a notorious pirate, and sailed with him through all the Mediterranean. The island of Lampedosa was one of our places of rendezvous, where we had a friend in the bailiff, and a secret pass,

for

for two purposes—to secure plunder, and escape in case of a hot pursuit. Bernardo, who had selected me for his servant, let me into his history. He was the younger brother of a rich lord, at Lucca, in Italy, with whom he resided, till Ludovico (that was his brother's name) became jealous of an intimacy betwixt his lady and him, and banished him his house. Having squandered his patrimony, he commenced pirate, and had met with various fortunes during a bloody period of six years.

" His brother was a stranger to the course of life he had pursued, and as his name became a terror to the merchants whose vessels he plundered, a warm pursuit was commenced, to secure him, dead or alive. This made him sell his ship; and returning to Lucca, his brother once

more received him into favour, and his lady again welcomed him to her arms.

"Father, I murdered this Ludovico, and his widow fled, with my master, Bernardo, to Cyprus, of which island she was a native: they carried with them an infant daughter, about three years old: there they were married, and the child Berenice, to this hour, believes she was Bernardo's.

"His extravagance dissipated his wife's property in Cyprus; and his daughter, who was to have married an old bashaw, was refused, as he had no portion to give her.

"This bashaw had great influence at the Sublime Porte, and to get into his favour, Bernardo hesitated not to sacrifice his daughter's happiness: to obtain a portion for her, he carried his wife back to

Lucca

Lucca about two years ago, intending to sell the family estates: it seems that the lady repented, and would not give her consent. He applied to me, and I presented her with a poisoned pineapple, which carried her off, but not before she had told her daughter she suspected me to be her murderer.

" Bernardo sold the estates, and I joined him in France, where he went to recover some money due to his deceased brother. He succeeded, and on our way back to Cyprus we were detained on the island of Elba. An English lord gave us a passage in his yacht, the master of which, a native of Lucca, remembered me, and my master overheard him accuse me as the murderer of Ludovico. We both saw our danger, and a storm having driven the vessel into the island of Lampedosa

pedosa for shelter, we landed, and planned our escape, with the assistance of the bailiff, our old friend: he contrived to have a small vessel at the secret cave, into which was conveyed the boxes containing Bernardo's treasure, which he promised to share betwixt the bailiff, himself, and I, equally, when we arrived in a place of security.

"The young English lord had conceived a violent passion for his daughter Berenice, and her servant, a French girl, carried on the intrigue by messages from each other. This girl also knew me to be suspected of the lady's murder, and with her mistress, loathed my very sight: it was resolved to destroy her at Lampedosa, and these hands, father, assisted in putting her to death by strangulation. Berenice was hurried up the secret passage

sage cut in the solid rock, and the girl's body was thrown from a precipice, a most tremendous height: previous to this, we dressed it in a suit of Berenice's apparel, to deceive the English lord, if he found it in the search he was sure to make for us; Bernardo believing, that when he saw what he thought her mangled body, he would cease to look after us.

"We sailed from the secret cave, and Berenice was made to believe her servant had stayed behind intentionally. But misfortunes always attend the wicked, and the retributive vengeance of God was at hand: that very night we were boarded by a Tunisian galley, against whom we contended with desperation; every one were killed, with the exception of myself, whose life has only been prolonged to make this confession, as some small atonement

ment for crimes which I fear can never be forgiven. To conclude, we were thrown into the hold, dead and dying: the chests of money were removed into the corsair; and Berenice, in a state of insensibility, carried off as the most valued part of the booty, they expressing an intention of carrying her for sale at——"

Here the unhappy wretch fell back on his pillow, and with a convulsive movement of every limb, that shook the bed beneath him, he uttered a piercing shriek and expired.

The breathless anxiety with which Harolde had listened to this narration was now broken—"She yet lives, and may be recovered," exclaimed Harolde, as he burst from his concealment, to witness the dying agonies of the self-condemned sinner.—Oh! had he but lived one moment—one

short

short moment, to say where the corsair meant to carry his fair prize for sale, what would not Harolde have given! Regretting the sudden death of one unworthy to live, and feeling a transient glow of satisfaction at the certainty of Berenice still being alive, he knew not on what to determine: his health and peace of mind rapidly improved, and with a forlorn hope, he proposed to Freeman to sail up the Barbary coast, visiting the principal cities, and endeavouring to find the lost fair one. First of all, it was decided to visit Tunis, than which no port was so likely, from its vicinity to Lampedosa, to have sent forth a cruiser of the description alluded to.

Freeman agreed to the plan, not with the smallest hope of its proving successful; but he expected a source of amusement

ment and information from such a voyag
and trusted it would, by a variety
changes, again make Harolde the agre
able friend and companion.

To the worthy bishop, who had been s
very useful in acquiring the informatio
from Lamska, Harolde made a liberal pr
sent; and in public charity he distribute
more than had been given away on th
island for many years. Their little barl
was once more launched into her nativ
element. Scarpio, whose truth was bu
too well attested by the confession o
Lamska, had his pay increased by his mu-
nificent master, and happiness seemed
again to be reviving amongst the whole
party. Except on one face, there sat only
cheerfulness and smiles; and that face few
would have suspected of bearing a gloom,

which

which rose from the throbs of an aching heart.

It was Freeman, whose heart was no longer free: he that ridiculed love as a mean, selfish, interested passion, was now the humblest slave that ever willingly wore the silken fetters of Cupid. Benedick was in love with a Pantalarian Beatrice.

Harolde had remarked that his evenings were seldom spent at the cottage in the valley, and attributed it, very wrongfully, to his being wearied with so dull a companion as he had been of late; and several times Freeman had done, what all lovers do some time in the progress of their passion—told lies, that is, such as Harolde always thought excusable. He often said he had spent the day with the bishop, when the fact was, he had never

but

but once been in his house; and he often railed at the Pantalarian ladies, when he was actually the slave of one of her greatest coquettes. Love makes strange havock in men's minds before they are aware of it.

CHAP. II.

" Design'd for love and soft delight,
For gentle peace, and pity mild,
Oh! seek not thou the craggy height,
The howling main, the desert wild.

" Stay in the shelter'd vale below,
Where calmly breathes the fragrant air:
But go not to the mountain's brow,
For darken'd winds are whistling there."

Dissertation on love, the golden age, and *Jephthah's* daughter.—Voluptuous islanders.—*Freeman's chere amie.*—Pantalarian costume.—*Freeman* declares his love to *Harolde*—they visit her, and offer to take her with them—she refuses to go—her avowed libertinism.—*Freeman* in the dumps—is quizzed by *Harolde.*—Arrival at Tunis in search of *Berenice.*—Interview with the Bey.—Paying for peeping.—*Freeman's* unlucky judgment of ancient relics on the ruins of Carthage.—A trunk-maker's shop an author's temple of fame.—Reflections by *Harolde* on the deaths of *Cato* and *Louis* the Fifteenth, written amongst the ruins of Utica.—Relinquish the search of *Berenice*—sail, and enter the port of Valetta, island of Malta. —*Abercrombie.*—Saint *Paul.*—Dissoluteness.—Doctor *Pedley* and

and his pretty wife.—*Harolde* discovers in her one of his youthful playmates—good excuse for becoming intimate with her—falls in love over head and ears.—*Freeman*'s regret at it.—Retort courteous.—*Harolde* is settled in Doctor *Pedley*'s house, and the favourable opinion of his lady.—Arrival of the frigate of Captain *Bering*, and a rich prize—good job for the doctor of civil law.—*Harolde* gets on the doctor's blind side.

LOVE has, in all ages, been described by the poets as an inhabitant of the valleys, and for this reason it is that all his gambols have been so plainly seen and minutely described; the bards, perched on the lofty summit of Parnassus, viewed his "witching wild" ways with an eye intellectually illuminated by the fire of heaven, which dispersed with magical power every veil of secrecy, and

> "Unlock'd a secret store at high command,
> Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's wand."

The pleasing fictions of the golden age were

were all laid in valleys, amongst embowering shades and flowery fields; the mountains were reserved for the warrior or the hunter, by day; and evil spirits, demons, enchanters, and magicians, by night, where sometimes the peeping loves

> "Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
> And chill'd with horror heard the songs of hell."

In Holy Writ the mountains are so little accounted as a fit residence for love, that Jephthah's daughter solicits her father to wander over them, "and bewail her virginity"—a commodity which, in the valleys of ancient Italia and Grecia, was not to be found. Walter Scott has given them an honourable station, which is descriptive of Pantalaria—

> "Giant mountains take their stand,
> Like sentinels round fairy land."

The

The valley of Chiaro, where Harold
cottage was situated, was a perfect pa
dise; the inhabitants were all cottage
cultivating the vine, cotton, olives, a
fruits. They had seldom passed the bou
dary of the mountains, and never beyo
the shores of the island, which formed th
little world—a miniature of all the virtu
and vices of the greater, to which th
were strangers. Their ignorance and sim
plicity rendered them totally incapable
aspiring to the heroic virtues, and ma
them slaves to the lower vices, witho
being aware of the guilt they were dail
practising. Indolence, the parent of v
luptuousness, spread her downy wing
over them; and gross sensuality, mistake
for pure love, had an asylum in every bo
som; they enjoyed that kind of unre
strained happiness, which, to hearts of re
fine

fined sensibility, would " fade in the eye, and pall upon the sense;" they were neither good nor bad, but merely loved to live, and lived to love—

> " Thought would destroy their paradise
> No more—where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

Freeman, the classically-informed philosopher, trod this enchanted ground with Theocritus in his hand, and Sappho in his heart; he really imagined, from all outward appearances, that he had dropped upon a modern Arcadia, where kings and queens tended their flocks as shepherds and shepherdesses, dancing to oaten pipes, crowned with rosy garlands. One little nymph attracted his attention above all her companions; she was fairest where

all were fair, or, in the ballad verse of Doctor Percy—

> As fair as fair *might* be;
> The dewdrop on the lily's cheek
> Not half so pure as she.

Curiosity first made him address her, and he found that the outward and inward form were of a piece, quite unaffected and open, for

> " Guileless simplicity mark'd her his ain."

He soon quitted his studies, forgot to botanize, searched not after fossils, trampled on geology, and gave himself up to analyzing one of creation's fairest works. In one little month he had made more progress in the art of love, than ever he did in translating Petronius, or Tibullus, or Ovid. He was as happy as heart could wish;

wish; the simple Pantalarian seemed to live for him alone; and in the ecstacy of his joy, he exclaimed—

" I, too, have felt Love's fond delight,
And all his rapturous ways explor'd,
And linger'd on a prouder height,
Than maniac fancy ever soar'd."

Love was the only riches found on this island, so that a few slight presents sufficed to equip her superior to all her companions, articles of dress being neither numerous, nor extravagant in price: a linen shift drawn close round the neck, embroidered in front with gold or silver thread, where it can be afforded, otherwise various coloured silks; a petticoat of green cotton, fastened with a clasp in front, and descending to the knees, beneath which the shift falls to the ancles, and nearly hides a pretty little foot, in

morocco sandals; on the head, a large gipsy straw hat, adorned with flowers, and the hair cropped short—is the general dress and appearance of an unmarried Pantalarian girl in the Vale of Chiaro. To these simple articles, Freeman furnished his fair one with strings of neck-beads, bracelets, earrings, and a watch, which made her the envy of all around. Poor Freeman could not think of abandoning this pretty girl, after all the sacrifices she had made for his happiness; and as the hour of departure drew nigh, he became miserable. That Harolde would make any objection to her going with him on board the vessel, he did not suppose; but then the rallying he would receive on account of his weakness, after so often glorying in his strength, was so humiliating to his pride, he could not bring himself to the discovery: besides,

sides, he would from that moment lose his power to correct Harolde's errors in future, and be told to take the mote out of his own eye, before he presumed to discover the beam in his brother's: and lastly, he loved the girl so well, and understood so thoroughly Harolde's principles, with respect to females who have made a false step, that he trembled for the consequences which might follow, from bringing two electric sparks so near to each other: and the day for sailing arrived, without his having opened his mind to his friend.

Harolde had of himself made the discovery, and learnt from the bishop, who had often confessed the lady, that she had for some years worn only "the outward and visible sign" of virtue; and withal, he believed that no inducement would tempt her, or any of her sex, to quit the island,

to which they were superstitiously attached.

Harolde broke the subject to Freeman as delicately as possible; he did not attempt to ridicule him for assuming virtues he did not possess, but gently reproached him for not placing more confidence in his friend.

Freeman never looked more foolish; and his acknowledgments and apologies were so awkwardly made, that a raw collegian would have acquitted himself better. Freeman, quite elated, insisted upon Harolde accompanying him to witness the raptures of his dulcinea, when he disclosed to her his intention of carrying her with him wherever he went. They found her seated on a grassy eminence, surrounded by some companions of her own age; they were all laughing loudly, and she

she the merriest of all. As they well knew the vessel sailed in a few hours, Freeman looked rather blue; he expected to find her in a "melting mood," and was sadly disappointed. She assumed a serious aspect when she saw her lover advancing, and rose up to receive him. He made her sit down, and taking her hand, in a fine set speech, acquainted her with his intention of protecting her through life, and carrying her from the island that day.

She comprehended very little of the flowers of oratory, but simply asked—"Then you want to take me away with you?"

"Yes, my dear and only love."

"Then I wont go," was the prompt reply, which overturned at once Freeman's dreams of love, and prepared him again

to become a stoical philosopher. Amazement sat upon his countenance, which looked like—

> "The black statue of Despair,
> Or Madness grav'd in stone."

At last he stammered out—"And are you really serious?"

The *innocent* girl quickly rejoined—"Can *you* be serious? Here I have made you *happy* for a month, and you want to make me *miserable* for life, by taking me from home. But to shew how superior my love is to yours, I freely forgive you; and if you ever have a friend comes to Pantalaria, I will be as kind to him as I have to you."

This was too much for Harolde; he could restrain himself no longer, but burst into laughter, whilst Freeman, seizing his arm, hurried him away, and never once looked

looked behind him, but ran down below as soon as he entered the yacht, declaring he would never look upon such an accursed island again.

The anchor was weighed, and the vessel at sea, when Harolde attempted to console him, with the prospect of procuring a lady more sincere out of some Turkish harem, where the mind is only actuated by two ideas—love of finery, and fear of a sack and the ocean.

Freeman anathematized the whole sex, and roundly swore to avoid all women in his future travels, as he would a mad dog in a highway, or an alligator in a stream.

After dinner he got more tranquil, and promised not to be so secret in his future amours, if ever he had any.

"A little of my experience," said Harolde, "would have saved you all this

heart-burning. But then you enjoyed a month's real pleasure, and were as happy in the *deceit*, as you could have been in the lady's truth."

Our travellers arrived at Tunis on the following day, and were received by the Admiral of the port with great civility, which arose from the annual bribe, or tribute, then disgracefully paid to these barbarians by the British government, having arrived only a few days before.

The Admiral admitted that they were at war with the Italian states, but had no vessels of so small a kind as the one described at sea, nor had there been any Christian captives brought into the port for a period of six months; but as they expected some cruisers to return in a few days, Harolde agreed to await their arrival; and in the mean time the Admiral promised

promised to send to Biserta, Bona, and La Call, the only three ports under the jurisdiction of the Bey of Tunis, to ascertain if such a slave had been carried thither, or with orders if such a one should arrive, to send her directly to Tunis. The present of a brace of pistols, mounted with silver, ensured this fellow's active friendship, and our friends prepared to examine the city and adjacent country.

A formal introduction to the Bey took place, who received them sitting cross-legged on a cushion, smoking his pipe and quaffing sherbet. He invited our two friends also to be seated, and to each was given a pipe, and a plate of sweatmeats. They were dismissed with an assurance they might travel freely all over his dominions, and received two passports at the door of the palace, for which they paid

forty sequins, which was paying pretty dearly for *free* permission to travel.

Tunis had not any thing to recommend it to our travellers. It is walled in, and strongly fortified; the houses low—the streets narrow and filthy; and the stench would be unbearable, but for the fragrant smell that descends on the breeze, from mountains covered to their summits with roses in full bloom. It is here that the famous scent, "otto of roses," is made, and it may verily be called extracting sweets from a dunghill.

The ruins of ancient Carthage attracted their attention, more from what they had read than what they saw. Freeman filled his pockets with pieces of marble from the fountain of Regulus, which he knew to be so from ancient history, and where that inflexible Roman lost his life. Unluckily

luckily for the credit of Freeman's antiquarian judgment, the British consul, at whose house they resided, recollected it being built, about seven years before, by the Bey's caftan, or robe-scourer, from marble ballast, which had been thrown out by a trading ship. Love affairs were not the only things of which Freeman was a bad judge; but he wanted to make up a book of travels; he did so, and published it on his return to London, where it made a prodigious noise—in the trunk-makers' shops, the only temple of fame that gentlemen travellers ever reach.

From the ruins of Carthage, which exist as a memento of Tully's ungenerous malediction—"*Delenda est Carthago*," our friends took a boat, and sailed over to Utica, the closing scene of Cato's life and glory. The walls are nearly on a level with

with the ground, and fishermen's huts now stand where—

"Cato gave his little senate laws,
And every heart beat in its country's cause."

Harolde was a great admirer of this stern republican's virtue, and more than once he bathed his limbs in the little haven, of which, according to Plutarch, he asked "if all was quiet?" and when told it was—then, satisfied his friends had all escaped, he fell on his sword and died.

Berenice was now for a time forgotten, and in the spirit of inquiry, Harolde's spirit began to be itself again. He once remarked to Freeman, that he could not account for having such a flow of spirits.

"Methinks," replied his friend, "you mean to say an overflow."

His truant muse here returned to him again,

again, and these lines were written with his pencil, on the spot where, ages ago, Cato might have pondered over his favourite author Plato:—

REFLECTION ON THE DEATHS OF CATO AND LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

This in a moment brings me to an end,
While that informs me I shall never die. ADDISON.

Its wings around the yielding town,
The victor's host unfurl'd,
"And shall my shame," said Cato, "crown
The conquest of the world?

"Unarm'd, bareheaded, on the sands,
Shall I the conqueror meet?
Shall I be dragg'd in servile bands
To crouch at Cæsar's feet?

"Shall I, the jest of gazing Rome,
Swell his triumphal pride?
Be life and shame the coward's doom!"
He grasp'd the sword and died.

Not

Not so when Louis lately died,
Amidst his fiend-like foes;
He scorn'd to be a suicide,
Though press'd by numerous woes.

"In vain," he cried, "ye tempt my soul;
In vain ye snatch the knife;
A stronger power than man's control,
For you shall guard my life.

"This hand shall never do a deed,
Heaven would with horror view;
And when this tortur'd breast shall bleed,
The guilt will rest with you."

How different is the last award,
That *truth* and *error* give!
'Twas but to die the *Heathen* dared—
The *Christian* dared to live.

The Admiral's messenger returned without success: and Harolde viewing things more rationally, with deep regret, gave up all

all hopes of meeting Berenice again. Setting sail from Tunis, they touched at every port likely to contain barbarian cruisers; and the almost certainty of her being the inmate of some bashaw's harem, whilst it wrung his very soul, helped to calm his mind, from the impossibility, if he knew the very spot of her confinement, of ever obtaining her release; for when the gate of a Turk's harem shuts on the fair prisoner, it shuts out all hopes of freedom for ever.

Malta was the first port to which they directed their course, and the lofty towers of Valetta were passed, where

"Tube behind tube the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep."

The entrance to the harbour is awfully grand and impressive; every thing looks impregnable;

impregnable; and yet it yielded to the name of Napoleon Buonaparte, without any thing worthy of being called resistance.

Harolde took a house near the city, and disposed of his yacht in his usual eccentric manner; he liberally paid Scarpio and the crew for the time they had served him; and on their way back to Elba, they pledged themselves to call at Lampedosa, and remove from thence the remains of Bereniee's attendant, which were to be properly interred in consecrated ground: having performed this duty, Harolde's agent at Elba was directed to pay the crew each an additional sum of money, and present Scarpio with the yacht, as a reward for his fidelity. This service was faithfully executed to the satisfaction of Harolde, who had a letter to that effect shortly after from Elba.

Having

Having paid a tribute of respect to the grave of Abercrombie, whose monument does honour to the citadel, and visited all the public buildings worth seeing, not excepting the church which stands on the identical spot (so the friars say) where St. Paul shook the scorpion from his hand into the flames, Harolde turned his thoughts to a little private amusement: his existence had long been without a filip from the finger of gaiety, to give his brain a whirligig motion, as children do a windmill in the streets, when there is no breeze to set it going.

There is not a more dissipated place in the Mediterranean than Malta. The knights have no honour but that of the title, which they have long ago disgraced; the ladies are amorous, inconstant, and intriguing; all brunettes, with large glowing

ing blue eyes, and appear publicly with favourite lover or two in their train, wit the same careless ease a virtuous Englis lady does with her footman behind her The governor also rules the Ionian islands, where he resides as a petty king, seldom coming near to Malta, where his presence would in some degree be a check upon vice and immorality. Balls and masquerades are all the rage, which, with the theatre, forms their whole bill of fare in amusement.

Harolde attended at a ball given by the lady of Doctor Pedley, and as he never danced, and would not gamble, he addressed much of his conversation to the fair hostess, who returned the civilities sevenfold, highly gratified at being openly selected for particular notice by one whom

all

all were anxious to obtain a single smile from.

The husband, one of those humdrum souls who are pleased to see their wives admired, and calculate upon the interest likely to be derived from making use of her admirer, danced round Harolde like a meteor, or rather, like a spaniel, fawning, and ready to lick the hand raised to chastise it.

This man was a doctor of civil law, numbers of whom went to Malta during war, to plead in prize cases, and whose corrupt trade was stopped by Lord Cochrane's exposure of the frauds practised in the Admiralty court. He was ready to "pawn his sordid soul for gain," and his wife ready, with all her heart and soul, to spend it quicker than he could scrape it together.

Harolde

Harolde was at first attracted to the lady's side by the brilliance of her charms —her understanding completed a conquest which her eyes had begun; and, to give it a still more romantic air, she proved an old friend, if not with a new, a highly improved face. He was a constant visitor at her parents' house when pursuing his studies at —— College; at that time she was not more than eight years of age, and he fourteen. The difference in age prevented them from being companions; and only for the mention of some family concerns, they would not have had such a good excuse for the close intimacy which followed this short acquaintance.

At breakfast on the ensuing morning, Harolde entered so briskly into the merits of Mrs. Pedley, that Freeman exclaimed —"Oh, my God, you are caught again! here

here is the commencement of a fresh tragedy; I wish it were condemned in the rehearsal, for I am certain to be killed before it comes to the last act!"

"Never fear," replied Harolde; "you shall live to see its successful termination; and if you want a highly-coloured farce, to dispel ennui at the end, what think you of sketching one from the happy valley in Pantalaria?"

"D——n!" uttered Freeman; "there you make 'the galled jade wince.' But mark my words: the husband is a lawyer, consequently a rogue—there is not twelve honest men in Malta to form a jury—you will be cast in a cart-load of damages."

"Time enough to speak of damages when I have committed a trespass; at present, I do not meditate any. Surely young friends may meet in advanced years,

years without bringing guilt to sully the renewal of a pleasing friendship."

"In some people's cases," muttered Freeman, "I doubt it devilishly; but you must take your own way."

"And that way," Harolde laughingly said, "now leads to the doctor's, to make a morning call, and see how his lovely wife is after the toils of the evening."

Harolde found her watering flowers in a beautiful garden, well shaded by myrtle and pomegranate bushes, and some tolerable trees, a great treasure near Valetta. It extended along the shores of the quarantine harbour, and was perfectly shut out from all observation, though so very near to the town.

The doctor, who introduced Harolde into the garden, after wearying his patience with descriptions of walks they were

were treading, flowers they were gazing at, and fruits they were eating, not one of which required a word of explanation to a common observer, concluded with begging him to consider his house as a home, and to make free with it on all occasions, by night or day. (It was Harolde's intention to do so, without the invitation.)

Harolde accepted of a key to the garden, wherein he expressed a desire to retire from the "busy haunts of men," to amuse himself with his books and pencil.

The doctor recommended Harolde to his lady's care, entreating her to make him stay dinner, and flew off in a tangent, to see if the frigate saluting the batteries was bringing in any vessels likely to bring "grist to his mill" in the prize-court. The doctor always had an eye to

business, and none to spare for any other purpose, as unfortunately he had but one and a piece of glass to boast of.

An interesting conversation commenced betwixt the two solitaries, and both were soon persuaded that in childhood they had been as dear to each other as brother and sister—so easy it is, where we wish it most ardently, to transform the fictions of imagination into recollections of reality.

The lady rallied him on his duel at Naples, which had been told at Malta with more ludicrous *addenda* than ever yet was attached to a Joe Miller's jest-book. This led Harolde to give a brief outline of his short career.—

> "She lov'd him for the perils he had pass'd,
> And he lov'd her that she did pity them."

"Pity melts the soul to love," and the lady

lady was just expressing her sincere pity for Harolde's highly-coloured tale of mishaps, when the doctor appeared in view, bringing with him the Captain of the frigate, which had just anchored. The doctor had overheard him say, that Harolde was his particular friend, and stepping up, offered to conduct him to the house where his friend then was.

The Captain gladly accepted the offer; and though Harolde would rather have seen him at any other time, he embraced him with ardour, as really one of his best friends.

The Captain promised to return to dinner, but first he must proceed to the prize-court; he had brought in a neutral vessel, with a cargo worth thirty thousand pounds.

The doctor's eye sparkled, and he rubbed his hands, delighted at the sound.

The master was also the owner; and though he had no doubt she would be condemned as lawful prize, it would cost him a few hundreds among the big-wigs.

Harolde heartily congratulated him on so bright a prospect, and taking Doctor Pedley by the hand, added—"If you have not employed counsel, let me recommend to you the first and best in Malta, and my most particular friend."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the Captain, who was a wit among sailors, and a sailor among wits, "I thought he was a doctor of physic, and had darkened his top-light by an extinguisher of his own prescribing; but since it is not so, I will employ him with all my heart: so heave a-head, doctor, and I will give you instructions."

The doctor, expressing his gratitude by a hundred antick bows and scrapes, walked

ed off with the Captain, smirking as he passed the gate, and calling—"Bye, bye," as much as to say "have not I an eye for business?"

However, whilst the doctor was exulting in the prospect of plucking a prize, another was rapidly getting on his blind side when he least expected. Some men can see with *half* an eye into their wives' failings; but a man with only one to see from, should never *wink* at her first indiscretions; if he does, it is ten chances to one against him, that he is not hoodwinked at last, and ruined in the dark beyond all redemption.

CHAP. III.

Fancy leads the fetter'd senses
Captive to her fond control;
Merit may have great pretences,
But 'tis Fancy fires the soul.

If the lady's false, forgive her,
Fancy was your only foe;
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
But 'tis Fancy twangs the bow. CUNNINGHAM.

A few words of advice to the reader.—*Harolde* no *Joseph*.—Another noble peer and poet.—A day's amusement at Malta.—House-tops and curtains the same now as in the days of *Samuel* and King *David*.—The naval Captain makes love to Dr. *Pedley's* niece *Jemima*.—*Freeman* on Maltese law.—Song to *Amelia*.—The *weakness* and *strength* of *Harolde's* genius.—The Captain and the Doctor in luck's way.—Prize presents.—Dr. *Pedley's* account of his niece, and supposed cause of her melancholy.—A trip to the bay of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, and a rural jollification.—Sudden appearance of a sloop of war, bringing in a French corvette, her prize.—Commander and prisoners invited to partake of the festivities.—A wonder, a melancholy Frenchman—recognises *Harolde*.—*Jemima* faints, and

and is carried out.—Out's and in's innumerable.—Count *Danvers* the lover of *Jemima*—courtship at Naples—all joy and revelry.—Dr. *Pedley* again in the way of business.—Love stories.—News of the Countess *Bonvilliers*.—A son born to *Harolde*, perhaps.—A plan for a wedding.—How to reconcile your conscience to loving another man's wife.—French vanity.—Anecdote of the Earl of *Rochester*.—The Captain's magnanimity towards his fortunate rival.—Eulogiums on *Danvers*.—A metamorphosis.—Meeting of brother officers, and a *fair* excuse for quitting the army.

IF there are any of my readers who are so fastidious as to turn up their noses, and with a hypocritical sneer, condemn a man for ever, because he has unfortunately not been so cold and insensible as to fly like a Joseph from the smiles of a married woman, let them drop the book, and proceed no further. The object of this romance is to paint the hero in his true colours—"Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice;" but "a round, unvarnished tale deliver;" shewing man as he

really is—the slave of passion, prejudice, and variable as the wind that blows.

The character of Sir Charles Grandison, to the lovers of virtue, may read very pleasingly; but the lovers of truth must prefer that of Tom Jones. The former is a being all perfection—a demi-god, that never trod this sublunary sphere; the latter, a man whose likeness is to be found in every polished society, whose faults were constitutional, and beyond his power to control; always aiming for the best, and feeling a sincere regard for all his fellow-creatures.

Childe Harolde boasted none of Grandison's super-human excellences, and had a claim to many of the mortal failings which so truly mark Tom Jones. The writer has a course, almost a straight one, to pursue; for in this romance there is a very

very small portion of fiction. The main facts are invariably correct—nearly all the incidents have occurred in real life; and the romantic air that breathes through the whole, springs from the singular character of the hero, and the scenes where his wayward fancy drove him to seek for consolation in variety, far from his native land.

Purity is not to be expected in the loves of Childe Harolde: cast in an earthly mould, and incident to all the corruptions of nature, he seldom soars heavenward in his ideas. His motives and his actions scarcely ever agree: a relentless train of passions were always tugging at the breast of their victim, and always balked his efforts to pursue the path of peace and virtue; but his charities, his unbounded benevolence, that flowed in a

stream which made no distinction of country or religion—his zeal in the cause of the injured and oppressed, and the manner in which he

" Did good by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame,"

threw a veil over his imperfections which we will not attempt wholly to withdraw, or rend asunder more than is necessary to enforce the moral, that virtue alone is the source of real and permanent happiness on earth.

" I saw the passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim and gay;
His course was as the rapid wave,
His life a summer's day.

" There surely is some hidden power
Which will not suffer wrong;
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue late and long."

These lines were composed by a nobleman

man whose youth and fortunes were little dissimilar to Childe Harolde's: when he entered into life as his own master, chance threw him into the maze of politics, where

"——Truth requires concealing;
For, oh! it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling."

A slight turn of the balance might have made him the same wandering being as Childe Harolde; both had ample means to pursue any path they chose to take, both were poetically inspired, and both, early in life, had loved, and been disappointed, jilted, and crossed in their warmest affections. But Harolde's character will admit of no comparison: he was "himself alone." If he had been an every-day being, this detail would not have been written. Something out of the common run is necessary to attract attention; and

if variety can give amusement, this romance contains plenty of it.

The morning passed away very agreeably, and Freeman, who arrived soon after dinner, by his dry, stoical remarks, gave a zest to the conversation, such as olives do to wine.

The Captain was a true British tar, with the manners of a gentleman; he had much of the blunt integrity which is characteristic of his profession; and his sallies often had the appearance of rudeness, when insult never entered his thoughts. He was one of the few whose sterling worth had recommended him to Harolde's friendship, at a time when life and love were gay and young, and attachments are likely to prove lasting. He chose the sea for his profession, and in a few years had risen, by extraordinary merit, to high rank and

fame;

fame; and the prize which he now brought into Malta, bid fair to give him a fortune equal to his deserts.

It is customary in Malta, where the climate is so oppressively warm, to choose which of two things must be done after dinner—to retire and enjoy a "*siesta*," or afternoon's nap, or assemble in an orange grove, or other shady place, to partake a social glass, eat fruits, and listen to the cheerful sounds of music.

At Malta, the barbarous custom of discarding the ladies, when the second glass of wine has passed round, is not practised; that remain of Saxon brutality only is to be found in the refined circles of London *bon ton;* and at Malta, music is inseparably called in, to improve every social enjoyment.

Harolde detested the idea of sleeping when

when daylight was in the skies, and all nature awake—from the bird that warbles its notes in praise, to the flower that bends its sweet head, with apparent gratitude, to Him who dressed it with rainbow beauty, and breathed into its petals heavenly perfume.

The doctor's garden was extensive, and cooled by the waters of several fountains; the arbour, where holiday afternoons were spent, was shaded over with grapes, citron, and orange bushes; seats of the greensward, and a table of marble, accommodated the guests; and a fountain of living water at the entrance, tempered the air, and cooled the wine, which was placed in bottles, upon which the stream from a triton's shell continually descended. The music, at a distance in the grove, ascended in the softest tones through the whispering

ing leaves, and died away upon the surface of the water, where gaily painted boats, passing with oars or sails, on pleasure or business, kept the eye employed, and the mind tranquillized with delight.

Those who cannot enjoy themselves in a garden, spread awnings on the roofs of their houses, which are all flat, and surrounded by flowering shrubs, which exclude the views of the streets; and over them are seen the ocean and the country, which gives a rural air to a city station. All over the east, flat roofs, by means of which families visit each other, without descending into confined and dusty streets, are common. It was the same some thousand years ago; Scripture often alludes to it: David was walking on the housetop, when he first saw Bethsheba. The prophet Samuel was on the housetop when

Saul

Saul approached him to inquire after his father's asses; and the utility of flat roofs will always render them fashionable. Another custom at Malta, and all over Asia, is to have a yard or square court in the centre of each house, open at top to admit the air. This opening, in the heat of day, is covered with a curtain; and if to guess be not presumption in such a case, may have given rise to those frequent allusions in the Psalms of the inspired bard, to the heavens being spread out as a curtain.

The afternoon was gaily spent in Doctor Pedley's gardens; and the Captain, who had been upon a long cruise, enjoyed himself in raptures. He had chosen for his particular attentions a young lady, the niece of Doctor Pedley, who had come from England in quest of health—and it was said had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

pounds. There was nothing in this young heiress's appearance that made Harolde notice her with more than common politeness. She was low in stature, meek in spirit, very backward in conversation, pale and melancholy; these last symptoms gave an interest to her features the *tout ensemble* failed to impress you with. Fancy, who leads the fettered senses, directed the Captain's heart towards her; and after many repulses, he succeeded in making her conversible.

The doctor and Freeman sank deeply into the laws, constitution, and customs of Malta, under its knightly government, and tyrannised over by a grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and its present state under the protection of Great Britain, and exposed to the rapacity of inferior agents, disseminating laws and doctrines

doctrines unknown to the Maltese; it is justice, however, to say, that those who suffered most, by corrupt servants of the British crown, invested with a little power, were the natives of Great Britain, whom war and the prospect of gain had brought together on this rock of chalkstone; the natives were not worth plundering.

Harolde and Mrs. Pedley rattled away on a variety of topics, and never was there a happier set on the shores of Valetta. The lady, by her husband's desire, who omitted no opportunity of shewing all her perfections to the greatest advantage, sang a Maltese song, the music being her own composition. The music Harolde declared was heavenly, and the voice that of a seraphim; but the words, in *lingua Franca*, barbarous; and tearing a blank leaf from his pocketbook, he handed to her a few verses,

verses, which she sang with such effect, that the company declared the former lines to be for ever condemned.

TO AMELIA.

Oh! fair and flowery be thy way,
The skies all bright above thee;
And happier every coming day,
To thee and those who love thee.

Calm o'er thy soul may hope arise,
Each secret fear beguiling;
And every glance of those blue eyes
Be brilliant still—and smiling.

And placid be thy gentle heart,
And peaceful all around it;
Nor grief, nor gloomy care, impart
Their cheerless pangs to wound it.

But lov'd and loving may'st thou live,
The purest bliss possessing;
With every joy the world can give,
And every heavenly blessing.

This

This little bagatelle became a great favourite at Malta, and was sung on the stage with unbounded applause. It was one of those trifles Harolde held in contempt, but which he often threw in, to give pleasing diversity to the light and airy scenes of life. It pleased Mrs. Pedley, to whom it was intended as a compliment.

Harolde could fashion his genius to be "all things to all men," ay, and women too: he could soar like the eagle, or stoop like the dove, when it suited his purposes. In his playful moments, he was like the artificial cascade of Tivoli, dashing from rock to rock, guided by the architect's chisel, astonishing for awhile by its rapidity, but plunging into an abyss, leaving behind, to the admiration of superficial gazers, sparkling foam and spray: but

but when wrapt in himself, he wrote for posterity, and had an eye to the fame which never dies: he might be justly compared to the majestic stream of the Nile, flowing in mighty and resistless grandeur along the shores of immortal name, sweeping away every obstacle that strove to retard the progress of genius, like dewdrops from the lion's mane, and swelling at its termination over the ocean's billows in triumphant repose.

All the amusements Malta could afford were entered into by Harolde and his friends; and the Captain, anxious to contribute his share, had soon a fair opportunity. The trial of his case came on before the Admiralty Court, and after a tolerable impartial hearing, which lasted three days, Doctor Pedley conducting the business with considerable ability, the vessel was condemned

condemned as lawful prize to the captors: her cargo was discovered to be of greater value than was supposed; she sold for eighty thousand pounds immediately after condemnation: the Captain presented the doctor with one thousand pounds—just double his charge; and as an excuse for bestowing a valuable present of silks and jewellery on his little favourite Jemima, he gave Mrs. Pedley a handsome necklace and earrings.

A day was appointed for an aquatic excursion to the bay of St. Peter and St. Paul, but on account of the illness of Jemima, it was delayed for a period.

Harolde inquired of Doctor Pedley her history, and the cause of that melancholy which all the gallant attention of the Captain could not dispel.

"This young lady," said Pedley, "is an

an only daughter of my brother, a merchant of eminence in London, and engaged in the Mediterranean trade. Jemima will have a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, if she marries with her father's consent. About two years ago, when peace prevailed for a short time, Jemima's mother was induced to take a voyage, and try the effect of the air of Italy on her health. It was arranged that one of my brother's ships should leave the mother and daughter at Naples, and on the returning voyage from Smyrna, call again for them, if they chose to go elsewhere. My brother proceeded up the Levant to Smyrna, but war breaking out betwixt France and England, made him return home by a different route, and passing for Americans, the mother and Jemima remained a year at Naples. The mother died in a deep consumption,

sumption, and Jemima was put under the protection of Lord Nelson, who entertained her on board the flag-ship for a long time, and finally landed her in this port. Her melancholy I attribute to grief for the loss of her mother, and shall be happy if the Captain's attentions, and the mirth of the society by which she is now surrounded, contribute to make her the lively little creature I once remember her."

The Captain explicitly stated, that he was ready to strike his colours to her, and bring her to safe anchorage in the haven of matrimony; he had not opened his mind, from a sense of delicacy, but now he learnt that her mother had been dead so long, he would, to use his own expressions, " breeze up to the lady, and try to bring

bring her under his lee, secure from the squalls of life in future."

On a fine morning, the frigate was got under weigh, and with a cargo of precious souls, sailed away for the bay of St. Peter and St. Paul, where tents were raised on the shore, bands of music stationed, and tables spread for the accommodation of great and small, the crew being invited to celebrate their joy on the receipt of so much prize-money.

The company, divided in parties, were dispersed all over the adjacent hills and valleys; the streamers were flying on the tents and trees; and the feathered songsters vied with the artificial minstrels, in making music echo through every glade. Attention was suddenly attracted by a sloop of war sailing slowly round Point St. Peter, with a ship in tow, from whose

mast-head the British union jack, over the tri-coloured flag, announced her as a prize. The sails of both ships were riddled with holes made by shot, and their hulls were in a shattered condition, giving evident tokens of a recent engagement. The Captain of the frigate sent all his boats to assist the stranger into port, and an invitation to land and partake of the amusements just commencing.

The Captain of the sloop of war soon came to pay his respects to his superior officer, and reported that his prize was a French corvette, bound from Naples to Toulon; that she struck, after a gallant resistance, and from the uncertainty of the breeze, he had been led to anchor in the bay, till a favourable wind offered to carry him into Malta, where he could repair his damages. As the dictates of humanity

manity are always uppermost in the mind of a British officer, the wounded were immediately landed, and accommodated with the best tents on the field. None of their wounds were dangerous; and, with the sanction of our Captain of the frigate, the French officers' parole was taken, and they were invited to join the party.

In such a situation, humbled and prisoners, Englishmen would have fretted and fumed, been gloomy and morose, have cursed their unlucky stars, and longed for another opportunity of fighting the battle over again. Not so the Frenchmen.—"*Fortune de la guerre!*" he exclaims, shrugs up his shoulders, bestows one—"*Sacra Dieu!*" on Madame Fortune, and thus ends all his care; he considers that it was to be so, and no human effort could have made it otherwise.

The French officers were a happy acquisition, mirth and jocularity sat upon their countenances, and the sudden contrast, from a close prisoner in a ship, to a scene of liberty, light, and air, inspired them with unusual desires to please and be pleased.

Amongst the French prisoners, there was one alone who the British commander declared had, since the capture, been very low spirited; he was an officer of rank in the French army, and his mind appeared oppressed with some inward affliction, which weighed him down, in spite of his endeavours to be social, and mingle in the pleasantries of those involved in the same fate, who had nothing to regret but the loss of liberty. No formal introduction took place, and therefore, when the company were seated after dinner, drinking

bumper

bumper toasts to Old England's King, which the cannon of the ships announced to the distant coasts, every one addressed his neighbour free from restraint; music and singing made up part of the entertainments; and Mrs. Pedley sung the stanzas written for her in the garden at La Valetta. When she had finished, the health of Lord Harolde was drank with enthusiasm.

A French officer near the foot of the table, who had mingled very little in the conversation, but sat abstracted from the company, now sprung up from his chair, and inquired, with an eager voice of solicitation, "where Lord Harolde was?—if he was at Malta?" and a dozen such interjectional questions were put by him in a breath, before any one could reply. His eyes darted rapidly round the company,

and rushing to the head of the table, he strained Harolde to his breast, who returned his embrace, and announced him to the company as his friend, Count Danvers, colonel in the army of Italy.

The attention of the company was now called to another unexpected scene—Jemima had fainted away, and was carried in the Captain's arms from the tent into a more open place, under the shade of a pomegranate tree. The other ladies retired to render assistance; and the Captain returned to his company, where the Count was welcomed by all most heartily. Shortly after, Mrs. Pedley entered, and whispered Harolde, who retired with her, apologizing for a short absence. Presently Count Danvers was summoned to attend, and the company, in suspense, awaited the explanation of this to-and-fro whispering scene.

scene. The Captain, in his turn, was sent for, leaving the commander of the sloop of war to rule in chief over the interrupted festivities. Whatever heavy hearts there were, they were gone, and a toast—"To our absent friends," with three times three, and a merry tune from the band, set the springs of rapture once more in motion.

The space of an hour elapsed, when the absentees returned to the table. Count Danvers led in Jemima, who looked pale, but flurried, as if equally pleased and agitated; the Captain seemed rather serious; and Harolde, shaking Freeman by the hand, as he was wont to do when any thing gave him particular satisfaction, said —"This is a happy day, my boy."

Doctor Pedley, who of course had been administering comfort to his niece, looked

at the Captain, as though he had been disappointed of pleading another prize-cause, and swallowed his bumper as if more inclined to be vexed than pleased at what had passed outside.

Harolde looked round with a smiling countenance at the curiosity lighted up in every one's eyes; and notwithstanding Jemima's blushes, he commenced explaining to both French and English what had occurred.—" Jemima," said he, " is beloved by my friend the Colonel; the chance of war separated them—the chance of war has again brought them together. Two years have gone by since I left my friend at Naples, and a year since he left his *chere amie* at the same place. My friend, the noble Captain, would gladly have married this young lady: he had only her happiness in view, and his object will be gained

gained when he sees her made happy with the man she loves; and let Doctor Pedley look ever so grave, I swear to see them married before I leave Malta."

Jemima hid her head in her aunt's bosom—Count Danvers squeezed Harolde's hand—Freeman congratulated Pedley on so fine a fellow being decreed for the husband of his niece—and the Captain kissed the cheek of the little flutterer, and holding out his hand to his newly-found rival, swore he would, after the wedding, get him sent home free of exchange, to enjoy his honeymoon at Paris.

The health of the lovers went round, and the sailors, to whom the intelligence had been conveyed, assembled in front of the tent, footing it away to the music of

"Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave deserve the fair."

As the evening continued calm, the ships of war were left in the bay, and the party proceeded to Valetta in boats. The commander of the sloop took leave with all his prisoners, except the Count, for whom Harolde and the Captain undertook to answer: indeed, they had a pledge in Jemima to secure him from breaking his parole, if honour had not bound him to keep it. The Captain, at Harolde's desire, spoke to the commander, who assured Doctor Pedley that he had sent four valuable prizes to Valetta, all of which would be litigated, and he begged leave to employ his great talents as his advocate; and moreover promised to recommend him to all his friends. This put the doctor in good humour; he did not like the idea of his niece marrying a Frenchman, and a prisoner, whose fortune he supposed, like most revolutionary officers,

officers, rested on his sword; but the prospect of his own immediate interest superseded any he felt for his niece, whom, even against her wish, he would have sacrificed to please such powerful friends as those he had recently gained.

The Captain took up his abode for the night with Harolde, and so did the Count, who next morning explained all that remained to himself in the occurrences of yesterday.

The part which he had taken as second to Harolde in the duel with the Marquis de Santo Freere, was the cause of his acquaintance being sought by all the English families at Naples, and at the table of Jemima's mother he was a frequent guest. He obtained for her and her daughter the protection of his General when the war broke out; and his assiduities during a

twelvemonth's courtship, completely won the young lady's heart. The mother was willing to make them happy, and gave the Count her consent in writing to his marriage, provided it met her husband's approbation. The Count was absent from Naples with his regiment when the old lady died, and Jemima was delivered, with all her property, over to Lord Nelson.

When the Count returned from a hard-fought campaign, he was distressed beyond measure, to find that the British fleet had sailed, with Jemima on board, at a time too when he should have been made happy without opposition. The father of Jemima had written to his wife, giving his consent to his daughter's marriage with the Count, and had likewise sent the latter a letter, entreating him to make Eng-

land

land his home, and offering to share with him his fortune.

The Count, who very rationally conjectured that Jemima would be sent to England by Nelson, procured leave of absence, intending to proceed to Paris, and thence to London, where he was sure of a kind reception from his beloved girl. He embarked in the corvette, and little imagined, when he was setting her crew an example of heroic valour, and stimulating them to repel the enemy, that he was acting in opposition to his future happiness, and which, in the event of success, would have long eluded his grasp, if not for ever, as the Captain was an ardent lover, and no one can tell what revolutions time and perseverance bring about in the breast of a young girl of eighteen.

Danvers had in his possession letters from

from the Countess de Bonvilliers to Harolde: she was on happy terms with her husband, and in the chateau of the forest of Versailles, had given birth to a son, which, truth compels us to say, had a right to call Harolde father. This intelligence conveyed to him sensations of pleasure, mingled with regret; and he seized the occasion to write to the Countess, exhorting her to a different course of life, and pointing out, with serious tenderness, the great happiness she would experience on a return to the paths of virtue. His thoughts wandered from her to the loved Berenice, and then to Amelia; and he was lost in sullen musing, which Freeman warned his friends not to disturb, when the hall-bell loudly rung, and Mrs. Pedley, arrayed in smiles, glided into the room, with Jemima, driving away care, and giving

to

to Harolde's countenance that sudden brilliance which darts from the sun, when he bursts from the obscurity thrown before him by a passing cloud.

When seated, she detailed the bed-curtain lectures she had been giving Pedley, who objected to the Count on the score of his want of fortune.

"We have a 'silencer for all his scruples," said Harolde, putting into her hand the well-known writing of her husband's brother, containing his consent to the union of the young lovers.

She looked at the Count significantly, and smiling, said—"Pray now, my fine fellow, how do you mean to fulfil the injunctions herein contained, not only to marry Jemima, but to renounce your fine France, and make England your home?"

Excepting the Countess de Bonvilliers,

Danvers

Danvers had no relatives in France whom he valued; those who remained of his family were become rich by revolutions, and had forgotten the pride of ancient nobility in the blaze of new orders and titles; his paternal estates were give away to creatures of Napoleon, from whose grasp he could entertain no hope of forcing them; several of his early friends were emigrants settled in England; and he reverenced the Bourbons so much, that he bore little or no regard to Napoleon, in whose service he engaged as much from necessity as personal vanity; it cost him no patriotic sacrifice to say, as he pressed the hand of Jemima, who was seated by his side—"Whither thou goest, I will go—where thou abidest, I will abide—thy country shall be my country, and thy God, my God."

"You

"You are both idolaters," said Harolde, "and worship at present that tormenting deity, the God of Love; but there is another deity, who, though he has been unpropitious to me, and hundreds more, I nevertheless look upon his protection as essentially necessary towards securing your happiness from all danger—I mean Hymen; and if I have any influence, he shall soon tie the knot which no one living has a right to cut asunder."

A look from Amelia's downcast eye confused Harolde for a moment, and caused his heart to give one single throb, at the idea of those blessings he looked for, in treasure of another's possession.—"Pshaw!" he *said*, or *thought*, in silence; "gods of any kind had nothing to do in bringing Pedley and his wife together; and

and if love puts them asunder, it is no fault of mine."

Harolde could plaster over a wounded conscience with great ingenuity; but he had not the art to sprinkle it with that virtuous balsam which makes an effectual cure.

He now proposed an adjournment to dress, and left the ladies alone with Freeman, who always made the dress of the morning when he rose last till the hour of dinner.

The Count's regimentals were exchanged for a plain English suit of Harolde's, which fitted him tolerably well; and the Captain could not avoid smiling when he saw him, who had just renounced arms and glory, remove the cross of the Legion of Honour, and pin it inside of his waistcoat, next his heart.

Harolde

Harolde observed, that it was natural what he had honourably gained should always be dear to him—" And," said he, " our vanities and regard for earthly things do not forsake us even at the hour of death. The Earl of Rochester, who was a sad dog, but made worse by posterity than he really was, when stretched on the bed of death, solemnly assured Fisher, the puritanical bishop, that he had destroyed every copy of his licentious writings; when the bishop retired, exulting in this proof of the penitent's sincerity. His friend in iniquity, Buckingham, tenderly reproached him, for having deprived posterity of the gratification to be derived from a perusal of his productions, and himself of a glorious fame.—' Don't think,' said the dying sinner, ' that I was so unjust to myself; take this key,

open

open my private drawer, and you will there find a copy, which you can do me the justice to print when I am dead and gone;' and thus the Colonel, though ashamed of his revolutionary honours in public, found a solace from them in private he was ashamed to avow.

The Captain, though evidently affected by the loss of Jemima, bore no enmity to his more successful rival; on the contrary, he sincerely wished to see them happy, and strove all in his power to promote it.

Freeman let the ladies into the secret of Harolde's character, and his precipitate manner of bringing things to a close, which he imagined were calculated to diffuse happiness on a community, or an individual.—" He will, no doubt, have you married before night, if he can," said Freeman

Freeman to Jemima, who trusted her aunt would procure her a respite.

Freeman gave them the history of the Count at Paris, where he acted so nobly and disinterestedly respecting the ten thousand francs; and described his manly bearing in the duel at Naples, in terms which made Jemima's face burn with blushes of delight, to find that he to whom she had long surrendered her heart was not unworthy of her hand.

When the gentlemen made their appearance, the Count was scarcely recognised by Jemima till he spoke, the change of dress had made such an alteration; and he good-humouredly observed, that unless a change in favour of his ancient masters, the Bourbons, took place in France, and restored him to the domains of his fathers, he relinquished the title of Count for ever,

and

and begged in future to be addressed as the plain English gentleman, Mr. Danvers.

"You have no claim to the title," said Harolde, "except in right of your wife that may be; and I am certain she does not intend keeping you long in suspense as an alien: the licence of the bishop this day shall serve as letters of naturalization; so come along to the doctor's, where this important affair shall be settled."

At Doctor Pedley's, Danvers met all his late companions in arms The commander of the prize had been with them before the deputy-governor and naval commodore, who had received their pledges of honour, and given them liberty to roam at large over the island.

They regretted losing their brave friend, but

but confessed that he had a *fair* excuse for his defection.

" It is no disgrace to him," said the French Captain; " for what lost Mark Anthony the world?—a woman."

CHAP. IV.

When enmity's buried,
And true lovers married,
Such a fillip it gives to the young people all,
That the men are so hurried,
The poor girls so flurried,
They forget that a parson is wanting at all. M. B.

Reflections on the want of reflecting before marriage.—*Jemima*'s virtues.—The wedding over—a scene in an arbour—mutual avowals of love.—*Amelia*'s hitherto high character in danger.—Verses, "The Dream of Happiness"—create suspicions.—*Amelia* cut by her former friends.—Colonel *Belvoir* and *Harolde* quarrel on the subject.—Captain *Bering* interferes with more courage than discretion—he runs his antagonist through the body.—A seaman's letter.—Precautions necessary.—*Belvoir*'s wound declared mortal.—*Amelia*'s distress—discovers her love for *Harolde*—she leaves her husband, and is received with open arms by *Harolde*.—Doctor *Pedley* throwing a somerset down *Misericorde* steps.—Another fracas.—The lawyers afraid of having justice done them.—Lord *Cockayne* robbing the archives of sundry papers.—Letter of justification and defiance from *Harolde* to Doctor *Pedley*—the latter's avarice

rice and cowardice.—A tranquil supper.—A stranger introduced, not of a very prepossessing exterior—sleeps on the sofa.—Guess how *Haroldè* passed the night.—*Harolde, Amelia,* the Count, and *Jemima,* embark on board the *Dasher* frigate.—The stranger attends in *Harolde's* livery—proves to be Lord *Cockayne.*—Adieu to Malta.—Justification of a theft.—View of Mount Etna, the Faro, and city of Messina.—No appearance of Scylla and Charybdis.—Syrens on board.—Anecdote of King *Murat.*

THE most important step that a man or a woman can take in life, is one which receives from them the least consideration—is one which cannot be retraced by any retrograde movement of the inclinations. Young people hurry on to the goal of matrimony, as jockeys do at Newmarket, whipping, spurring, swearing, and praying to gain the prize, heedless of the dangers they run of breaking their necks in the struggle for victory, or the envy, hatred, and malice, which will rise against them in the breasts of their defeated com-

petitors when they possess the prize, which may not possess that intrinsic value its polished exterior denoted; for all that glitters is not gold—they often find their reward difficult to keep, or not worth keeping. The same may be said of marriage; the poor enthusiastic, enamoured youth, runs a steeple chase for his bride; he outdoes all his rivals, and grasps the reward of his love and constancy; too often he finds, that what looked so beautiful in prospect, fades in possession.

> " Why do yon hills, of shadowy tint, appear
> More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
> 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The morning of a wedding-day is a joyous one to the parties and their friends immediately concerned in their future happiness;

happiness; the bridegroom raises himself an inch higher in his shoes, and treads with the elasticity of hope and the prospect of joy: the bride, more timid, blushes unseen, as she receives the compliments, jests, and sly innuendoes, that cannot be restrained by her gay and thoughtless companions; and cruel must he be who would mar this lovely prospect, by setting before the lovers dangers that lurk unseen, or remote ills, which Heaven in pity may never bring nearer; no, I would not, for the wealth of the Indies,

> "Break this fond spell, and chase away
> The dream of Love's first wedding day."

The joys of life are, like angel visits to the earth, few, and far between; and I for one would rather go through the world with smiles than tears on my cheeks: 'tis

time enough to wrestle with misery when it comes, and not mar the happy scene, by imagining a being to be present, who never may disturb your repose.

Danvers was a volatile Frenchman, always in tiptop spirits, and with the prospect of possessing a lovely girl, with a handsome independence, he had a just right "to throw physic to the dogs," and swallow the intoxicating draught of love, with greater relish than ever Jove did nectar, presented by the hand of Hebe. Jemima possessed those retiring virtues calculated to adorn domestic life—to endear a man to his fireside, and make him look to home as the *summum bonum* of felicity; she was not disposed or qualified to shine in exalted society; lovely as the summer's morning in outward appearance, and shunning the glare of a meridian sun,

her

her mind was calm and gentle as the repose of an autumnal evening, that glides away unruffled by the breeze, and unsullied by a single cloud—all purity and peace.

Harolde soon had executed all the necessary deeds; he made the doctor act as notary, and guarantee his brother's consent to the marriage; and the Count made a handsome settlement on Jemima, provided he ever recovered his estates in France.

"As likely to happen," the Captain remarked, "as finding a gun thrown overboard during a storm in the Bay of Biscay; or hooking with a grappling-iron the traces left by the keel on the waters, as the ship careers along."

Peradventure he was for once mistaken; sailors can foretell a storm or calm

by the appearance in the skies; but they are no judges of changes in the political hemisphere.

The wedding was celebrated with due decorum, and sufficient noise from the guns of the frigate and the batteries; the sailors and soldiers were made literally drunk with joy by Harolde's bounty; and the poor Maltese, who huddle in rags round *Misericorde* steps, and solicit with imploring eyes and silent tongues the charity of those who land, were not forgotten; he clothed the naked and fed the hungry, at an expence very small for the gratification it gave, and he received, when unknown, he mingled amongst them, and saw comfort and plenty lighting up smiles in the faces where hunger and disease had ravaged without mercy for many a weary day.

Harolde

Harolde gave up his house to the new-married couple for the honeymoon, and Doctor Pedley eagerly offered him apartments, which he at first modestly declined, but by persuasion reluctantly accepted.

Harolde could assume an aspect of reality, which deceived his nearest friends; and when he refused the doctor's offers, Amelia, who could not, or thought she ought not, to interfere, trembled, and believed he was serious, and did not wish to be under the same roof with her.

Freeman, whose notions of honour were very refined and incomprehensible, declined an apartment in the doctor's house; he was afraid of consequences, resulting from the *penchant* Harolde had for Amelia; and, like Pontius Pilate, he washed his hands of the guilty deed he

could not prevent; he would not seem to sanction by his countenance a breach of hospitality, and took an apartment in the *Strado de Merchante*, where he could pursue his studies, and write travels no one would ever read through, at his leisure.

Harolde smiled at Freeman's delicacy, which he observed had increased greatly since his intrigue at Pantalaria. Harolde remarked, that having made two people happy, he had a right to consult his own happiness.—"I have been instrumental in making four people blessed beyond their hopes or expectations; our two last lovers never would have effected 'a consummation devoutly to be wished,' without my fortunate appearance on the field of love; and if I had not brought Agnes from Naples to Lisbon, Henry Styles would not have hit

hit upon a good wife, nor myself got rid of the obligation I considered myself under, to do somewhat for him for the injury I did his family respecting my first love, my yet-regretted Mary."

This speech, begun with smiles, ended with a sigh; and giving directions for the removal of his luggage to the doctor's, he bent his steps to the garden-gate, where he found admittance, by using the key Pedley had so kindly given him.

He found Amelia seated in the arbour alone, and both were delighted to meet, and congratulate each other on their participation in a good deed, making the single double, and doubly happy. The conversation naturally led to their own peculiar situations in life. Harolde marvelled how a woman of her beauty and accomplishments came to be united to so disa-

greeable a being as Doctor Pedley, and he deemed it a certain sign that he had made some progress in her affections, when she heard her husband censured without defending him.

The fortunes of Amelia's family at the period Harolde knew them were affluent; but extravagance reduced them to a mere pittance; and Doctor Pedley, blessed with competence, and eminent in an honourable profession, was a match her parents eagerly embraced, though his years were twice that of their daughter.

"At that time," sighed Amelia, "my heart had never felt a tender impression superior to love for my parents, and I looked to a gay equipage, numerous servants, and money *ad libitum*, as all that was requisite to make a woman happy. It is but very lately I have found otherwise.

wise. I am indebted to you for a discovery I am afraid will cost me many a pang, and I almost wish our acquaintance had ended in youth, and never been renewed, when to love is a crime, and to hate is impossible."

Harolde assailed her with that sorcery of speech and witchery of eyes he had at command, and overruling all moral considerations, they exchanged vows of Platonic love, neither had the power to observe for any length of time.

No woman ever had a greater share of vanity than Amelia Pedley. At Malta she had been satiated with flattery, for hundreds did homage to her charms. Flattery is the growth of Italian climes, and means little more than bombastic compliments, which are no sooner given and received, than forgotten and despised. Sin-

cerity never comes from a lip which is the herald of an indolent, voluptuous heart, wanting energy to be affectionate, and is subdued, not animated, by passion. Harolde was a new star in the horizon of Malta. The fame of his talents—his fortunes—his pilgrimages to the shrine of Love, had preceded him—the voice of applause had sounded loudly all his accomplishments, and when he appeared, it was found that report had not done justice to his merits. To be selected by him—to be the theme of his conversation—to have praises sung by his muse—to find the lyre of Orpheus vibrating praise, and listening crowds doing homage to their truth, was a distinction for which every lady sighed, and only one obtained, consequently that one became the mark of envy; and Amelia

lia had, in a clime where chastity of conduct is almost valueless, and

"Every woman is at heart a rake,"

preserved an unsullied reputation. She was light, gay, giddy, and fond of pleasure in the extreme; yet no one had ever caught her tripping—no false step had ever reduced her to the Italian level. She had been constant to ugliness of features, and deformity of person—obedient to a hardened heart, and manners the most repulsive. The high naval and military officers, whose wives and families gave lustre to Malta by their superior virtues, anxiously and kindly received Amelia Pedley into their society; and now when Harolde of necessity received the courtesies of the great, Amelia Pedley, whose guest he was, could not be overlooked in the

the invitations with which he was daily pestered, and which he thought—

"More honoured in the breach than the observance."

One minute passed in her company he preferred to hours whiled away at the General's table; and this partiality began to be observed by more than one who sincerely wished her well, and by hundreds who wished her any thing but that she really was.

A trifling circumstance strengthened the breath of slander, and set scandal moving where it would require the arm of Jove to stop it, and the shoulders of Atlas to bear and not sink under the heavy burthen. Some verses, written by Harolde, got into circulation, by those "God knows how" means, for which no one can account. They were pretty; and as

no

no one in Malta could string a rhyme, they were set down as Harolde's by the petticoat critics, and the name of Amélia either stood originally in the verses, or was substituted by the first circulator of them. She was rallied upon the subject; her vanity was not proof against temptation, and her non-denial of being the person to whom they were addressed, was marked as an admission that Harolde was in love, and she encouraged his pretensions.

THE DREAM OF HAPPINESS.

The lovely moon half-veiled was shewn,
Like some fair eastern queen on high;
While stars, whose radiance day might own,
Were fixed in silent glory nigh;
And each bright orb around her throne
Pour'd streams of silver down the sky.

No

No voice came trembling through the gale,
To break the settled calm profound,
Except that fancied spirit's wail,
Which breathes a heart-afflicting sound;
I sunk to rest, and slumber's veil
Diffus'd unearthly quiet round.

In radiant garb that dimm'd my sight,
Amelia's form before me rose;
Her soft eyes caught their borrowed light,
Where Heaven's eternal splendour flows,
And gems that beam'd like stars of night,
Hung glittering round her arched brows.

The graceful smiles that mark'd her cheek,
In all their playful beauty strove;
Each soften'd hue, each rosy streak,
By nature's magic finger wove,
Proclaim'd, although her look was meek,
Her heart and soul were warm'd by love.

There was nothing in these lines which might not have been applied to any woman

man in Malta, only changing the name of Amelia; however, the malignant spirits of the isle put such a vile construction on them, that Harolde and the lady both repented of ever being amused by such bagatelles. The doctor, who was not of a jealous disposition, shut his ears and eyes, or rather his eye, which was covered with a golden spectacle; and Harolde affected to despise the gossip of Valetta. In a few weeks, Harolde perceived, that where he visited Amelia no longer appeared: he judged her absence arose from choice, and a vain hope of silencing the tongue of calumny: but when, upon inquiry, he learned that she had not been invited, he became incensed and hurt in the tenderest part. In vain she soothed him into calmness; his spirit was like the Maelstrom of Norway, when roused into storm—it was

not

not to be appeased but by the wreck of all that presumed to come within its vortex: he took a part, which was the very worst he could have done, to put a question at rest, in which passion of every description was so much concerned.

Colonel Belvoir, whose house was open to all the rank and fashion of the island, closed his doors on Amelia, and all his invitations afterwards to Harolde were declined. They met upon the citadel, and an attempt at explanation ended in a quarrel. The Colonel at length said—"That owing to some unpleasant rumours, his lady could no longer receive the visits of Mrs. Pedley."

Harolde then said—"That as he was implicated in the scandal, of course he also must be considered as unworthy to mingle in the society of such lofty-minded ladies, whom

whom he had heard in England bore very doubtful characters."

The last assertion was untrue, and only thrown out in a burst of indignation, when reason and truth are driven from their throne by rebellious passions; for such assertions there is no excuse, and a challenge was the consequence.

Harolde did not choose to acquaint Freeman with this adventure; but hastening to Danvers, desired him to meet the friend of Colonel Belvoir, and arrange the terms of combat; and requested it might take place in an hour, for he hated to reflect on such folly.

An ensign, who happened to be on duty at the citadel, and heard the contention, communicated it to Captain Bering, of the frigate, who followed so rapidly on the heels of Belvoir, that he had not time

to

to pen a challenge, when the Captain abruptly entered his house, and, mariner like, soon raised a tempest, in which blows were exchanged, and a meeting appointed *instanter* behind the postern gate, where Bering ran his antagonist through the body, and left him for dead in charge of his seconds.

He instantly repaired on board his frigate, and sent by his first lieutenant a billet to Harolde, as follows.

"*Dasher Frigate, now under sail outside of the Harbour.*

"MY DEAR FELLOW,

"I have just put a *lobster* in *pickle* that had insulted you. I brought Colonel Belvoir to action yard-arm and yard-arm,

yard-arm, struck him through the *hull*, and laid him on his *beam-ends*. I fear, by this time, he is *keel up*, and embarked on his last voyage over the gulf of eternity. I shall lay to at the harbour's mouth; reconnoitre Belvoir Bay, and bring me word how the land lies. I wish for a wag of your *fin*, before I shape my course down the Mediterranean.

"Your's ever faithfully,

"BOREAS BERING,

"Captain, Royal Navy."

"*Lord Harolde.*"

Harolde and Danvers were wondering why the friend of Belvoir delayed, when the Lieutenant put his Captain's curious epistle into his hands. This proof of his friend's

friend's zeal for him gave him real pain. —" My quarrels," he observed, " are seldom just, and I wish no one to have the peril of defending them or incurring guilt but myself."

Despising ceremony, he flew up the hill to Belvoir's house, and was soon at his bedside, soliciting his pardon, and praying for his recovery. Belvoir nobly took all the blame to himself, and exonerated the Captain from being the cause of his death, should it occur. He shook hands with Harolde, and desired him to comfort the ladies, who, he said, should never know the cause of their quarrel on the citadel; but alas! it had gone abroad in a thousand shapes already—

" On eagle's wings immortal slander flies,
Pollutes the earth, and darkens all the skies."

The

The ladies declined seeing Harolde, and the medical men gave no hopes of Belvoir's surviving. At Doctor Pedley's, all was confusion, terror, and dismay—Jemima weeping for her husband, and Amelia raving and calling on the name of Harolde, with expressions of tenderness, that made Doctor Pedley scratch his forehead, and feel for antlers.

Freeman alone seemed unmoved amidst this war of elements; he had heard the real truth, and after an interview with Harolde, he communicated it to the ladies, who had become a little composed. The composure of Amelia was of that settled kind, which shudders at the past, and is reckless of the future. Jemima had told her what she had uttered in her ravings, and she knew Pedley would never forgive

forgive her, or believe in her innocence, though an angel from heaven asserted it.

He was revengeful also, and she trembled for Harolde's safety more than her own reputation, which she considered blasted for ever. The doctor affected to pity her, and leaning over the sofa where she lay, whispered that he would give her three days to find another home and protector, for he had discovered all her infamy. Indignation gave her strength, and rising, she took the arm of Freeman, and accompanied by Danvers and Jemima, reached the house of Harolde in a state of exhaustion. This so sudden removal puzzled Pedley. Amelia had a large jointure settled upon her, which he would rather keep than pay, and he had no hopes of damages by action for crim. con., seeing that he had driven her from his house,

and

and she had voluntarily taken shelter under Harolde's protection. Harolde was gone to the frigate, where he blamed the Captain for his rashness, and made him promise not to quit his station near the harbour's mouth, until it was ascertained whether or not Belvoir's wound was mortal. The officers of justice had no authority to search for him on the high seas; and the naval commodore in the port gave him a *carte-blanche* to act at his own discretion.

On the beach Harolde met his friend Freeman, who acquainted him with Amelia's removal from her husband's house—and he hurried away to meet her. At the top of the city steps he encountered Pedley, who advanced towards him bowing and cringing: with resistless impetuosity Harolde rushed against him, and

sent him head over heels down to the landing-place, where the ballustrade prevented him from rolling into the sea. No sooner had he entered the apartment, where Amelia sat in great agitation, than he beckoned all to withdraw, and they were left together.

Pedley gathered himself up, and proceeded to the municipal authorities, to obtain a warrant against Harolde for an assault, and one to recover his wife, neither of which could he obtain; matter more important claimed the attention of all the lawyers in Malta, and the ruin of Pedley in his profession threatened, which affected him more than the loss of his wife, the bruises his body had received, or the stain upon his honour. The celebrated Lord Cockayne, who had for some weeks past been at Valetta *incog.*, had robbed the archives—

chives—had succeeded in escaping with papers, on which he intended to found charges of corruption and treachery against the Maltese courts, and bring the agents (of which Pedley was the chief) before the august and just tribunal of a British parliament.

The duel, and all its consequences, sunk into insignificance before this tremendous blow, aimed by so powerful a hand at the Gorgon head of rank injustice, bribery, and extortion; and Pedley cursed the hour he drove his wife from home, and thus lost the friendship of Harolde at a time when he most needed it, and when it would have been to him a shield and buckler against all his enemies.

After the lapse of some hours, Harolde desired the attendance of his friends. Amelia appeared quite recovered, and wore a

cheerful countenance, and Harolde announced his intention to leave Malta on the following day on board the frigate.—"I can take upon myself," he said, "to ensure our new-married couple a passage in her to Lisbon, from whence they can march through the lines of the British army to Corunna, and there embark for England; and I can also, Jemima, promise you the company of your aunt, and knowing your sentiments with respect to your uncle, you will not be sorry to hear that he is to remain behind."

This arrangement delighted them all, and Harolde dispatched Freeman with a farewell note to the miserable man of madness, for in truth Pedley was nearly distracted.

" *White-Rose Cottage.*

" SIR,

" Mrs. Pedley, whom you drove from your house, sought my protection as a man of honour; I gladly afforded it to her necessities. She will have no cause to repent the exchange of a *bad* husband for a *good* friend. I congratulate you on the prospect of your honourable conduct as an advocate in Malta, being about to meet the reward it so justly merits. I leave this place to-morrow, and in the mean time will be happy to meet you in a court of justice, or elsewhere, as it suits your humour or convenience.

" HAROLDE.

" *Doctor Pedley, Quarantine Slope.*"

To this letter the doctor did not send

a reply in writing; but verbally assured Freeman that he had no wish to offend his friend, and hoped that he would not withdraw the recommendation he had given of him to the commander of the sloop of war, to act for him in his prize-cases, for he believed in a short time a stop would be put to his practice altogether.

Freeman comforted him with the truth, that Harolde never recalled a recommendation once given, however unworthy the object might prove at a future period, and that if he kept quiet, his wife's annuity should not be demanded from him.

This last intelligence operated as a panacea for all ills, and the doctor shook hands with Freeman so cordially, as to convince him he would be happier in receipt of the money than the smiles of his wife.

Amelia's wardrobe was sent after her, and

and removed on board the frigate with that of the party.

To all inquiries relative to Belvoir's state, the answer was, "that he continued getting worse."

At supper cheerfulness once more resumed her place, and, in the prospect of a pleasant cruise, every occurrence of the day seemed forgotten.

A servant came in at midnight when they were preparing for rest, and reported that a stranger, muffled in a Maltese cloak, who spoke English, desired to speak with Harolde.

The ladies became alarmed; Amelia thought it might be an assassin employed by Pedley, and, with tears, entreated Harolde not to see him. Harolde thought it very improbable an assassin would thus openly expose himself, and ordered that

he might be shewn into the parlour, and the entrance-door bolted, to prevent his escape, if his intentions were not honest.

In a very short time Harolde returned, and introduced a stranger. His appearance was not by any means prepossessing. His person was tall, and muscular, and clumsily formed; his red bushy hair and whiskers set off to great disadvantage a hatchet face, lighted by two little twinkling grey eyes; a prominent nose, and high cheek bones, gave him an air of assurance; and a long crane neck, which seemed as stiff as though it had never bent or bowed from fear or courtesy, completed a figure not often paralleled. Supper was again ordered up, to which he paid his respects ardently; and having cleared up his countenance with a few bumpers of claret, he entered into conversation about the

the topics of the day with animation; he improved vastly; and under the rough exterior, was hidden the perfect gentleman. When the hour of rest came, he chose the sofa for his place of repose, beneath the cushion of which he placed a small box, and a brace of pistols. The ladies looked fearful and inquisitive; Danvers only thought of his lovely bride; and Freeman had been so used to mysterious events since he commenced a pilgrimage with Childe Harolde, that the very devil himself in his friend's company would not have astonished him.

One roof now covered the whole family of friends, and they parted for the night; Jemima shewing her aunt to the chamber which had been occupied by Harolde, and Freeman going to his lodging for the last time. Harolde and the stranger remain-

ed up for an hour, and then——and then he also retired to rest.

Dost thou wish to know, reader, how many beds this cottage, which Love had placed among the roses, contained, or whether, adopting the custom of the natives, they all stretched in one apartment, the eldest laying across the threshold of the door, or whether Harolde wandered about like a ghost, singing, in theatric style—

"Sleep you, or wake you, lady fair?"

I am sorry thy curiosity must remain ungratified; suffice it that when the company assembled at the breakfast-table, it could not be guessed, from Harolde's appearance, whether he had passed the night sleeping or waking, lying, sitting, or walking, though it was marked as a breach of politeness, or forgetfulness, that he never inquired

inquired how Amelia had rested in a strange house.

The house being discharged, and nothing remaining to be transported on board of ship but the persons themselves, Harolde ascended the hill, personally to ascertain the state of Belvoir's wounds. He was in a state of delirium; and as the boat which conveyed the party from the shore quitted the harbour's mouth, the colours of the garrison were lowered half-way down the staff, and minute guns announced the death of a brave man and gallant officer The frigate in the offing repeated the guns, and thus her captain paid a last tribute of respect to one whom he esteemed when living, and to whose memory he dropped a tear of manly sensibility.

The stranger, who had slept on the sofa,

walked after Harolde, clad in his livery, and carried a box, like one of his servants; his hair had undergone the operation of cropping, and the razor had deprived him of his whiskers. Amelia remarked with surprise this metamorphosis; and was yet more surprised, when on the quarter-deck of the frigate she heard the captain call him "My Lord," and give him a cordial welcome on board the Dasher.

A gloom hung upon every brow, which gradually wore away as the island receded from view. The gale blew strong, and the frigate, as sailors say, "spun a yarn of ten knots an hour." Amelia saw the summit of the point of Gozza appear like a blue speck on the verge of the horizon, and when it sunk beneath the waves, she breathed more freely, and fervently prayed she might never see Malta again.

No

No one felt troubled with the nausea of seasickness, but all went to dinner in the cabin with good appetites. To beguile time, the stranger gave the ladies some account of himself, and Amelia was not a little surprised to find herself at table with the celebrated Lord Cockayne, whose exploits on the coast of France and Spain were no less romantic than true. He had secured all the papers he wished, and had been obliged to seek Haroldé's protection, and escape as his servant, a reward of a thousand pounds being offered for his apprehension.—"It is true," said he, "I committed an honest robbery, to enable me to blow up a den of rogues." Amelia hoped that Dr. Pedley would not be destroyed by the explosion, and as she wished him no harm, was glad to hear that it would only prevent him from being dishonest

dishonest in future, and getting rich by the plunder of British seamen.

It was the intention of Captain Bering to scour the coast of Naples and Spain, pass the Straits of Gibraltar, and anchor at Lisbon; and our travellers had no other alternative but to proceed with him; for he had dispatches on board for the Admiral in the river Tagus. Harolde would rather have sailed in a contrary direction towards the Grecian Islands; but when he considered that his time was his own, to spend as he pleased, and that Amelia would enjoy the company of her niece for a few weeks, he was content to go whichever way the wind blew.

The night was clear, and they all went on deck to take a look at Mount Etna, whose blazing summit seemed to pierce the skies, and illuminated all the country round;

round; probably Vulcan was busy in forging the bolts of Jove; for at intervals the flame rose to a great height, and extinguished the stars by its brilliancy. Captain Bering said that Vulcan had "clapt a fresh hand to the bellows," in order to shew him how to steer through the narrow Faro of Messina.

The city of Messina was distinguished by numerous lights, and the passage betwixt the main land of Calabria and the island of Sicily, by the deception of Etna's descending flame, seemed not many fathoms across; or, to use a sea expression, you could "chuck a biscuit on shore at either side."

Freeman gave a classical account of the rocks of Scylla, and the whirlpools of Charybdis, so much dreaded "in olden time." At present, the Captain said, there

was

was no more danger to be apprehended from these rocks and whirlpools, than if the ship was laying in a mill-pond; the only syrens to be guarded against were those on board.

Lord Cockayne pointed out a hill whereon King Murat had pitched his tent; and after viewing all day skirmishes betwixt the British and Neapolitan flotillas, he retired to enjoy a splendid supper. Many mischances happen betwixt the cup and the lip; a party, consisting of five hundred British sailors and marines, landed secretly, and in silence advanced to the door or opening of the royal tent, when an attendant bawled out—"Oh, the English are upon us!" Murat had only time to escape by the back entrance, leaving behind his sword and hat. The English drove the enemy from the battery, and planting

planting the Union Jack on the hill, sat down and fared deliciously on the royal viands, retiring after supper in good order to their boats, laden with plunder.

The helmsman's song of "Steady, boy, steady," put all in mind of repose. The accommodations were good, and

"Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,"

they dreamt of future joys, neither disturbed by the frolics of Queen Mab, or the fangs of the nightmare.

CHAP. V.

Majestic rose the god of day,
On yon bright burnish'd sky;
Old ocean kindled at the ray,
And rais'd his head on high.
On the deck Rosa stood,
To view the waters glide.
Ah, no; Rosa, no——
She thought not of the flood,
But Henry by her side.

Mount Strombolo, and a ghostly tale.—Discovery of a French frigate—preparations for an engagement—noble daring of Captain *Bering*—*Freeman* and the ladies go below—Captain's speech to the crew—awful silence, waiting for the command to fire—dreadful scene of carnage—the enemy's colours hauled down—fitting out the prize—Lord *Cockayne* goes on board of her.—The *Dasher* anchors at Gibraltar.—Funeral of officers.—*Amelia* again insulted by the modest ladies—bad effects upon her health.—Bombardment of Cadiz.—Anchor in the river Tagus.—Occupy a house at Belem.—The British army.—The Honourable Mr. *Glenville* introduced—his poem called "Portugal," "horrible, most horrible."—*Harolde*'s absence at Oporto—

to—surprises Mr. *Glenville* and *Amelia*, *tête-à-tête* in the ruins of Almada Castle.—Mum's the word.—Lovers' lies.—*Amelia* shams illness, and requests to go to England—*Harolde's* noble and sensible letter to her—she sails with Mr. *Glenville*.—Death of Doctor *Pedley*.—*Harolde* nicknamed "*Don Juan*."—Leave Belem.—Verses written near Cape Trafalgar.

At sunrise the frigate lay becalmed under the lee of Strombolo, one of the Lipari isles, famous for its volcano, which, with Etna and Vesuvius, are called by the Italians, the chimneys of hell. Sir William Hamilton imagined that these burning mountains had a subterraneous communication with each other; and the reason he assigned for his opinion was, that only one at a time was ever known to emit flames. He was in error. Ships have frequently seen all three blazing in one night; for, with a fair breeze, and strong, they may be all reconnoitred in twenty-four hours.

Captain Bering amused his fair passengers

gers with a story well known to seamen.—"A captain and his crew were tried at the Court of King's Bench, for spreading a report that they had seen a certain baker, who lived in Rotherhithe, forced into the crater of Mount Strombolo by a figure, resembling our ideas of the devil: they even distinguished the kind of buttons on his coat. The widow tried them for defaming her husband's memory: the ship's logbook was produced in court, where an entry of the fact had been made; and it was proved that the baker died about the very hour when his spectre was seen on Mount Strombolo. Sir Mathew Hale acquitted the prisoners, observing, that 'one man might be mistaken, but it was impossible fourteen could."

"And do you really believe this story, Captain?" said Amelia.

"Certainly:

" Certainly: the baker had supplied the crew with bad bread for their voyage, and Providence permitted them to see and record his punishment, as a warning to others of the trade, how they trifled with sailors' appetites in future."

A light breeze wafted the vessel slowly along shore, which they passed in panoramic review. Sicily, with its vine-covered hills, and the lofty snow-covered summit of Etna, gradually receded; and Caprea, with its verdant slopes, and scented groves, invited the eye to repose upon it with delight. Thousands of ringdoves flew about and settled on the masts and yards, where they were caught by the sailors: boats laden with fruit and fish, for sale, ventured along-side, and were soon emptied of their cargoes. The country appeared a perfect garden; and if it were the same in ancient

days,

days, it was not surprising that Hannibal, revelling in its sweets, lost the opportunity of conquering Rome.

About midday, when the band was playing, and the boatswain had piped all hands to dinner, the man stationed at the masthead to look out, announced "a strange sail in the north east." Several of the officers ascended with telescopes, and gave their opinion that it was a French frigate. The Captain ordered all hands to be called, to make sail in chase, a summons which was eagerly obeyed by the crew, who left their dinner half finished, scarce taking time to swallow their grog. Harolde and his companions, mounting on an arm-chest at the stern, witnessed with admiration the skill and rapidity with which the sailors hoisted up the lofty steering sails, and

spread

spread a hundred canvas wings to catch the gentle breeze.

A few hours brought them so near as to discover by the naked eye, that the chase was a frigate of equal force with the Dasher, standing under easy sail, and waiting for a contest she could not avoid, owing to the Dasher's superior sailing. The scene now changed to one of serious aspect: the rolling of the drum called "all hands to quarters;" the guns were cast loose, shot and powder distributed around, boarding-pikes and tomahawks laid in the boats: the officers and seamen girded on their swords, and lighted matches were ready to send Britannia's vengeance on the foe.

Amelia and Jemima were terror-stricken, and the Captain suggested the propriety of their descending to the cockpit, where

where they would be secure from danger. Freeman, who had not much of the hero in his composition, consented to go down with them, and endeavour to console them during the battle. Lord Cockayne had not any thing to do but look on, being only a passenger; and Danvers, with Harolde, traversed the deck in anxious expectation of the result likely to ensue from this "dreadful note of preparation." Harolde remarked with admiration the exulting strides of Captain Bering, whose spirit appeared superior to all sense of danger; his eyes sparkled with gladness, and he issued his orders with that coolness which is inseparable from true courage: he had long been used to such scenes—

"Nursed on the wave, and cradled in the storm,"

and he gloried in the approaching fray.

"Intrepid

" Intrepid in the darken'd hour,
And dreaded by his country's foes,
His soul defied all human power,
Still rising as the battle rose."

A few minutes before the action began, he called all the crew together on the quarter-deck, and thus addressed them: —"My lads, you see a-head of you an enemy's frigate, of vastly superior force to us: we have often fought and conquered under greater disadvantages. I know you will behave like true Britons: give it to her smoking hot, and bring down the tri-coloured flag. Let me alone for laying you close along-side. Level your guns low—let the masts and sails alone, for if you kill and disable the crew, the ship can't run away without hands to help her: so here's all your healths,

and King George and Old England for ever!"

Having tasted the grog which stood ready mixed in a large tub on deck, the crew pledged their noble commander, and giving three cheers, returned to their quarters. "Silence fore and aft," was proclaimed by the speaking-trumpet, and all was still, save the murmurs of the wave as it passed by in gentle ripples from the prow, laving the ship's sides, and curling into eddies under the stern.

This is no doubt the most awful part of a battle. The mind has time for reflection, and a thousand ideas of the past, present, and future, succeed each other with painful rapidity: in a few minutes we may cease to exist—be lost to life, and all we love. If a tear fall, it is a hallowed

lowed one, and not wrung from the eye by fear.

" May my right hand in battle no more be victorious,
And a captive abroad may I constantly roam,
If I ever forget thee, Old England, so glorious,
My parents, my heart's love, my children and home!"

Harolde never had witnessed a naval combat, and when the word to " fire" was given, his senses for awhile were lost; the tremendous noise of broadside succeeding broadside deafened his ears, and his eyes were blinded by smoke and fire. The enemy was not slow in returning the compliment:—

" The Angel of Destruction from on high,
Rush'd with red wing, that blaz'd along the sky,
Stalk'd on the wave, with garment dyed in blood,
And lash'd the billows of the sounding flood."

The carnage was dreadful, and at last, by a lucky manœuvre, Captain Bering laid the enemy on board, and, at the head of his gallant crew, cleared her decks and struck her colours.

Harolde having congratulated his friend on his success, went below to the ladies, who welcomed him with tears of joy: they had been in agonies of doubt and fear; and Freeman, who volunteered to attend and cheer their spirits, was himself so alarmed, that he needed the consolation he had promised to give.

The business of securing the prisoners, repairing damages, and dressing the wounded, occupied all day, and our passengers dined on the quarter-deck, so late the scene of blood and slaughter, the cabin being filled with the dead and dying.

The French Captain was killed in the action,

action, and his body, put in spirits, stowed away in the hold. The first lieutenant of the Dasher took command of the prize, which was ordered to steer for the island of Minorca, being the nearest port, and Lord Cockayne went on board of her with his box of papers, threatening vengeance on the heads of the Maltese lawyers.

To obtain new sails and rigging, the Dasher anchored in Gibraltar Bay, where the remains of the French Captain were interred with military honours, and those of the marine officer of the Dasher, who died from his wounds on the day the ship arrived. No storied urn or animated bust marked where his remains lay, but a simple inscription cut on the rock told where he fought and died.

" Where died he, stranger, in his country's cause—
Blest be the man whose pure and gallant blood
Flows for his country's liberty and laws!"

Captain Bering was treated with great distinction by the governor and garrison, and a round of entertainments given on board and on shore. Amelia here felt how painfully she was situated: although blest with the society of the man she loved, the terms on which she lived with Harolde could not be problematical, and spread from the ship to the shore; so that when the officers' ladies had parties, she was mortified to be left out: except to a bachelor's ball or breakfast, she was never asked abroad, and the governor's lady refused her permission to walk in the gardens.

Her spirits sunk under these slights, and Harolde exerted himself fruitlessly to raise

raise them. A divorce from Pedley was easily obtained, but to marry her was not in Harolde's power: he always considered her as his wife, and treated her in public with the respect due to the character, and frequently lamented his inability to give her a legal title to his name. Harolde's ideas of love were so peculiar, that it is possible, if he had been single, he would not have done as he said he should: he could not be bound to love one alone, and the ties of wedlock might have broken those of love, which was in some degree the case with respect to Miss Wellbank: if he had loved her so very sincerely as he *believed* he did, he would not have treated her jealousy with such indifference.

Harolde refrained from going into company as much as possible, and gave nearly all his time up to Amelia. She compared

her situation to that of Jemima, whose company was courted by all the respectable women on the Rock; and when Jemima accepted an invitation, it cut her to the heart, and she foolishly attributed the absence of her niece to disrespect, or contempt for her character. As the irritation of her mind subsided, bodily ills came on apace; the bloom faded from her cheeks, and melancholy seemed to have marked her for his own. Haroldé was alarmed at her consumptive appearance, and leaving the frigate at Gibraltar, he embarked in the packet for Lisbon, accompanied by the Count and Jemima.

At Cadiz they were deterred from landing by the siege, which was carried on with vigour. The bombardment was terrific; and several shells, that burst near the packet, alarmed Amelia so much, that it

increased

increased her illness, and she landed at Lisbon in a state of exhaustion. The city was garrisoned by British troops, Wellington and his army being in fortified lines at Villa Franca, about twenty miles distant. A fleet of transports were at anchor in the Tagus, in readiness to receive the British army, which was expected to be driven to that extremity daily.

This was unfortunate for Amelia, as it kept her in a continual state of suspense. Harolde lodged her at Belem, near the harbour's mouth, where they could get on board of ship with ease, if necessary.

They had for neighbour an eccentric young man, the Honourable Mr. Glenville, who, like Harolde, travelled for amusement; he introduced himself to Harolde's little circle, and was a welcome guest. His conversation was sprightly and intel-

ligent, though his knowledge, which he delighted to shew on all occasions, was but superficial. Freeman deemed him a shallow fellow—Harolde a tolerably-informed gentleman. He came to Lisbon, in order to write a poem, which he called "Portugal:" for any information it gave of the country whose name it bore, he might as well have written it in Grub-street; for after a hasty glance at New and Old Lisbon, he settled himself in an old convent at Cintra, and shut out from the world, began and ended his poem in six months.

It commenced by describing the burying-place of Fielding the novelist, and ended with the information, that Almada Hill was the subject of some lines written by Mickle, translator of the Lusiad.

This was all worth knowing in his huge folio,

folio, where small streams of letter-press ran through meadows of margin.

As Harolde would not condescend to read his work, he read it himself to Amelia, and it was the work of many days to get through it. His attentions were very particular, although her appearance forbade the suspicion that he meant more than common civility; she was a faded flower, that continued to scatter fragrance when all its bloom was gone.

> " Deep rays of loveliness around her form
> Beam as the rainbow that succeeds the storm."

Harolde made several excursions into the country, and to the lines of the British army; and during his absences, the Honourable Mr. Glenville ingratiated himself into the good opinion of Amelia, and her health took a favourable turn—gra-

dually improving, and with it her beauty reappeared.

She still however affected weakness, and made that a plea for not accompanying Harolde in a jaunt to Oporto. He made his stay there shorter than he intended; and a letter from Amelia, rather desponding again as to her health, led him to return by way of Old Lisbon.

With Freeman he was sauntering away an idle hour, whilst the boat was preparing to ferry him over the Tagus; they were ruminating on the towers of Almada, where Richard Cœur De Lion commenced his first crusade, when they observed a lady and gentleman, seated under the shade of a fig-tree; their view was through a crevice in the ruins—they could see and not be seen themselves. Harolde was surprised to recognise his beloved Amelia,

Amelia, whom he imagined to be suffering under a relapse of her disorder, carelessly leaning on the shoulder of the Honourable Mr. Glenville, who was reading to her his everlasting poem, to which she listened with apparent pleasure. A noise, which Freeman made by stumbling over some loose stones, caused them to arise, and Glenville putting her arm within his, they proceeded to the beach, and stepping into a boat, sailed away for Belem.

Harolde thought this

"Strange—'twas passing strange,"

and in sullen silence crossed the water, where he went to the opera, and did not go to Belem till next day. He found his Amelia alone, and she received him with her accustomed sweetness.

Though he asked if she had gone much abroad,

abroad, she never said she had been to Almada Hill; and Glenville, who called to welcome Harolde home, complained that he had not been able to prevail upon her to take her accustomed evening walks.

There was deception in this and dissimulation, which Harolde did not like; there was no necessity for her keeping it secret that she had been abroad with Glenville, and her doing so, gave Harolde suspicions all was not right. He questioned the Count and Jemima, from whom he learned that Glenville had no reason to complain of her not going out, as they had walked together in the King's Park every day whilst he was absent.

Harolde kept his own counsel, and Amelia every day complained that her health was worse, though, to all outward appearance, she was hale and hearty. She had

had an object in view Harolde then did not comprehend.

The packet being ready to sail for England, the Count and Jemima bespoke a passage, and Amelia expressed an opinion that her native air would restore her to health.

Harolde she knew had determined never more to revisit his country; and when she asked him to accompany her home, a positive refusal was what she expected and received. He added carelessly—"You can go if you choose."

No woman likes to be treated with indifference by the man who professes to love her, even if she is sensible her own conduct has been the cause. Amelia was mortified, and answered, that she would accompany her niece, if he pleased.

"It is no pleasure of mine," he replied —"you

—" you are your own mistress, and whether you cross the Tagus, or the ocean, I hope it will be in safety, and tend to your future happiness—of this I am certain, that I am no longer necessary to it."

Amelia wiped away a bursting tear, and her heart reproached her with ingratitude as he shut the door. However, she commenced packing up her wardrobe, and resolved, when he returned, to explain her motives for the step she was about to take, and which to him appeared so extraordinary.

Harolde came not to dinner, nor to sleep. Amelia waited anxiously until twelve o'clock, when a servant brought her a letter, as follows:—

" *Braganza*

" *Braganza Hotel, Lisbon.*

" MADAM,

" Your resolution to embark for England has my entire approbation, and wherever you go, you carry with you my best wishes for your health and happiness. I own that your sudden desire to leave Lisbon astonished me, and would have done so much more, had I not been prepared for a change in your sentiments, by having seen you with your friend amongst the ruins of Almada Castle, at a time when you wrote me to say you were very ill. I have all my life been used to give my opinions free from disguise, and if I had ceased to love you, I should without hesitation have told you so. Where there is not mutual confidence, there can be no real affection, and when you stooped to dissimulation,

dissimulation, you lost every thing but my friendship. I thank God I have no reproaches to make myself on your account; I did not persuade you to leave your husband—you came voluntarily into my arms, and I have cherished you as I ought: your indifference or hatred of your husband made you *believe* you loved me, as a prisoner long used to gaze on naked walls, discovers beauty in a daub of paint made to cover them.

"I own that I regret the loss of you—I shall feel it for a few short weeks sensibly; in a month I will not be pained, by reflecting on joys which can never return, and in half-a-year I shall think of you as a being that was, and is not; you will live on my memory as a friend that once was dear, and whom adverse fates have torn from me. Our inclinations are not under

our

our control—we *sincerely* love one day whom we *sincerely* hate the next. The fault is not ours—'tis a part of our nature; constancy unchangeable I do not expect to find in man or woman, and if there be a pleasure in variety, they who feel it should pursue it. You have given me nothing you can miss—I shall miss nothing you have to give; we are pretty even, and if you are not happy in future, the fault will not be mine, but all your own. I hate formal partings, and as we have no cause to weep for the past, or sigh for the future, 'tis as well that you receive this as my last adieu.

" I enclose a draft, sufficient I trust for every immediate exigence, and my banker in London will furnish you with any sum you call for.

" Believe

"Believe me always, while I live, to be your sincere friend,

"HAROLDE.

"*Mrs. Amelia Pedley.*"

Amelia wept when she concluded this epistle. Her heart was warm, and had she believed herself absolutely necessary to Harolde's happiness, she would have sacrificed herself to promote it. It was her rank in life—her place in society, she longed for; she did not reflect on this when she quitted her husband—passion made her blind; when that had subsided into a calm, she opened her eyes to her degradation—she saw herself scorned by the virtuous and good, and every door closed against her, where reputation was a necessary passport to enter. She summoned

moned her scattered resolutions to her aid, and by one effort determined to rise again to respectability.

The Honourable Mr. Glenville was acquainted with the *faux-pas* she had committed; he had magnanimity to forgive her errors, and thought her a lamb well worthy of being restored to the fold of innocence; he was smitten with her charms, and had pledged himself to marry her, the instant a divorce from her husband could be obtained. For this Amelia resolved to leave Harolde, and return to England; and it must be admitted she had a plausible reason for her seeming inconstancy.

Mr. Glenville was not open enough to confide in Harolde, and he avoided his presence as if he had done him an injury: this was not the case—there was no improper

proper connexion betwixt him and Amelia. He sailed with her in the same packet, and in a few months they were married. The exposures made by Lord Cockayne of Maltese transactions broke the heart of Doctor Pedley; and the world kindly attributed his death to Harolde debauching his wife. This is another of the sins placed to his account without just cause, and for which he has been stigmatized by the name of "The British Don Juan."

Count Danvers and his lovely bride parted with Harolde at the hotel most affectionately, and throughout their lives remembered him with gratitude. When Freeman had ascertained that the packet had sailed, Harolde prepared for his departure also; he would not return to the house

house at Belem; it would have been like going from a warm fireside in winter, to plunge into a cold bath; and he wished not to see any place that might recall Amelia to his mind.

With Freeman he sailed from the Tagus in a British brig of war, and determined to proceed without delay to Greece, cherishing a faint and delusive hope, that the void in his breast would be filled up by Berenice, whom, at the height of his attachment to Amelia, he had not forgotten. His thoughts now rested upon her, and the expectation of finding her in Greece, gave vigour to his mind; he shut his eyes against conviction, and indulged in hope, defying reason.

The brig he was in lay for some hours near Cape Trafalgar, and he mused with

honourable feelings on the scene where the soul of Nelson rose to heaven, from an ocean covered with wrecks, and purpled with the gore of a thousand foes: he composed the following

ELEGY, WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF TRAFALGAR.

How gay the sunbeams smile on yonder height,
How mild the waters sink upon the shore,
As though yon rocks ne'er shook with rude affright,
Or ocean trembled at the cannon's roar!

The gentle stream, from Lucar's vine-clad hill,
In tranquil silence winds towards the vale—
The fisher's evening pipe sounds quick and shrill—
Aloft the fruit-boat spreads her fragrant sail.

On crystal skies the vessel seems to sleep,
Scarcely a zephyr curls old ocean's brow;
Which, on TRAFALGAR'S morn, lower'd black and deep,
When VICTORY lash'd him from her NELSON'S prow.

Here

Here on this spot the pride of France and Spain,
Mov'd in majestic pomp before the wind,
And humbled here, they fill'd the victor's train,
Who swept the shores, nor left a wreck behind.

On yon proud hills Suspense had ta'en her stand,
A thousand peasants rais'd inquiring eyes,
The flower of Spain on Cadiz crowded strand
Breath'd zeal's strong pray'rs, and holy hope's fond sighs.

Some parent, brother, sister, lover, friend,
From every turret wav'd a last adieu;
And answering guns from either navy send,
Back to their friends the thanks of every crew—

Thanks, that on earth they'll never more repeat—
For round the front of Leon's war-girt isle,
Bursts on their view the gallant British fleet,
Led by the unconquer'd hero of the Nile.

Spread, Villeneuve, spread thy squadrons to the main,
And wind, Langara, through Trafalgar's shoals—
Extend thy crescent—every effort's vain;
Vengeance would reach thee shelter'd by the poles.

It comes, it hastes, the day of wrath and wo,
Long slumbering justice is arous'd at last;
Horror's domain spreads high, hell's gulf below
Yawns wide, and misery howls upon the blast.

Conquests and death rise on the lightning's blaze,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
And dazzling glory round her Nelson plays,
Whose mandate shakes convuls'd the watery world.

Masts, yards, and streamers, booms, and shiver'd sails,
Yield with rapidity to Britain's fire;
Aloft, below, wild flames are fed by gales,
And helpless thousands in despair expire.

Redoubling thunders roll from east to west,
Mingled with conquering cheers and life's last cries,
Lo! Nelson falls on Victory's bleeding breast,
Who bears his soul in triumph to the skies.

Calmness succeeds—the day of vengeance o'er,
Mercy extends her hands on every side;
A Blackwood hastes each sinking wreck to explore,
And rescues hundreds from the raging tide.

With carnage-cover'd decks, and sides blood dy'd,
Wounded and faint Gravina seeks the bay;
Nine shatter'd wrecks, bereft of power and pride,
He drooping bears from this disastrous day.

Oh, day of sorrow, ever to be wept,
While sighs shall murmur, or while eyes shall weep—
Oh, day with gladness ever to be kept,
While Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep!

Here, on this spot, where Nelson's ardent eye
Sparkled with joy, and victory great foretold,
Here let me kneel, and bless thee with a sigh,
Shade of the great, the generous, brave, and bold!

Oh, may my ——, if arms he ever wield,
Thy bright example make his constant aim,
And meet, like thee, on Victory's crimson'd field,
A glorious death and never dying fame!

Nelson, I'll praise thee with true British zeal,
Friend of mankind, thy country, laws, and king,
Till low in dust this heart hath ceased to feel,
This voice on earth for ever ceased to sing.

The dark clouds gather round Trafalgar's height,
Discern'd half viewless, now discern'd no more;
The scene of Nelson's glory quits my sight,
And night and silence settle on the shore.

END OF VOL. II.

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